JOAN CRAWFORD'S "UMPH" IS CLICKING AGAIN!

Silver Screen

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PERIODICAL DIVISION



Joan Crawford dancing with Tony De Marco.
A scene from "The Shining Hour."



"LET THERE BE A GREAT LAND, BRAVE WOMEN—AND BOLD MEN TO GUARD THEM!"

From the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the western slopes of the Yukon —sweeps a wild-hearted empire of rushing rivers, plains and towering peaks. Guarding this vast dominion—a handful of red-coated heroes maintain their tradition, "Get your man!"... Now, for the first time, the epic story of the Royal Canadian Mounted is told in living colors ... told in the beat of love-torn hearts and glory of brave rash deeds!



HEART OF THE NORTH

in TECHNICOLOR

With a big cast
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Lee Katz and Vincent Sherman • Based on a Novel by William Byron Mowery • A First Nat'l Picture

A WARNER BROS. PRESENTATION



He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! *(Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?)*



Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. *(He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)*



Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? *(Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling—to keep your smile attractive.)*

Play Safe with your Smile—

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

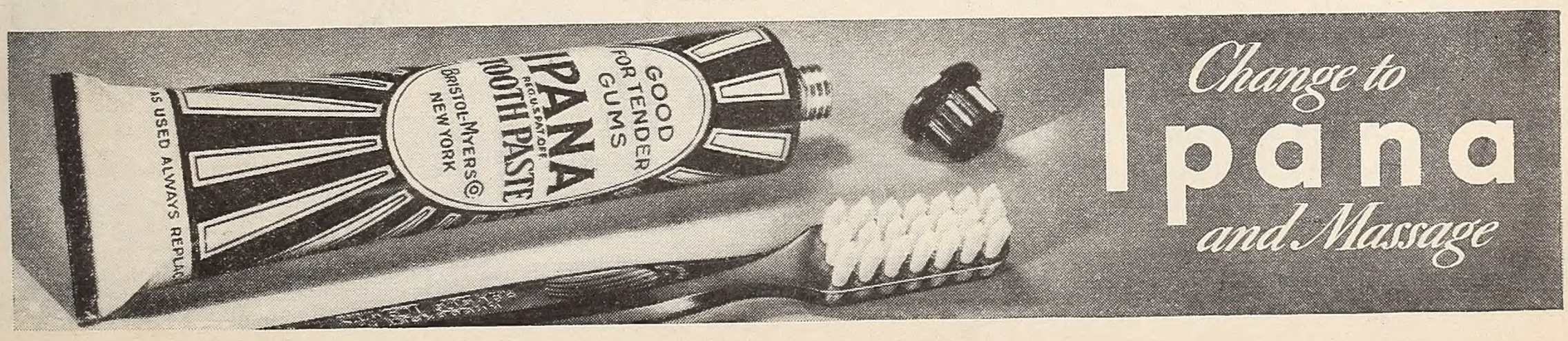
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new **D. D. Tooth Brush** with the twisted handle.



Yearning Youth

Behind the Scenes of a Parisian Dramatic School

Share their dreams, their loves, their longings... in the most heart-stirringly poignant dramatic romance since "Stage Door"...

LUISE
RAINER
PAULETTE
GODDARD
DRAMATIC SCHOOL

with
ALAN MARSHALL • LANA TURNER • GALE SONDERGAARD
ANTHONY ALLAN • HENRY STEPHENSON • GENEVIEVE TOBIN
Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn Leroy
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

WATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.



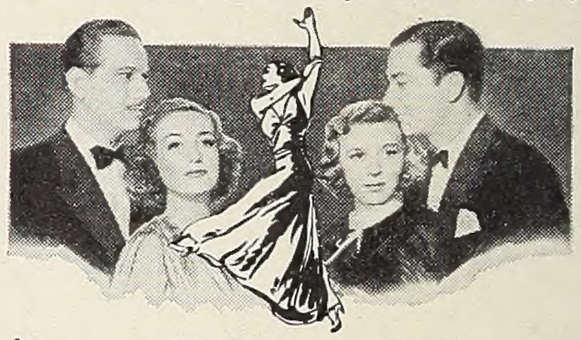
It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...



You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.



As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

★ ★ ★

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS", latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

★ ★ ★

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

★ ★ ★

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

— Leo

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY, 1939

VOLUME NINE
NUMBER THREE

Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus



Claire Trevor

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Well, here's another New Year practically upon us so I suppose I might just as well give out with a few New Year's Resolutions—after all, who am I to spurn the seasonal traditions? Why I even stand under mistletoe.

After thinking things over seriously I have compiled the following Resolutions, come New Year's 1939. I have resolved not to take any more cracks in the magazine at Katharine Hepburn, and boyoboy I'll miss those cracks, because only a few weeks ago Miss Katie had the gumption to stand up in front of Will Hays—plus a crowd of biggies—and tell him what she thought of censorship in the movies. And Miss Katie didn't mince words. You gotta like a gal with gumption.

I also resolve never again to pick on a Rathbone—on account a Rathbone always manages to top me. When I got all sulky at the "Jezebel" preview because Basil sat in front of me and kept pointing hysterically at the screen, I couldn't wait to write nasty things about his bad manners in the magazine. So what? So Basil sends me a picture (clipped from a national magazine) of Queen Elizabeth pointing away like mad at the cricket matches in England. It's not for the likes of me to belittle finger-pointing when a Queen can do no wrong.

As a third Resolution I resolve never to take it seriously—and certainly never to print a word about it—when an actress says she is retiring from the screen to get married (Kay Francis). Or when an actress rushes back to dear old Europe, intimating that Hollywood is just too utterly, utterly boorish (Simone Simon). They are only angling for new contracts. It's easy enough to leave the screen, the trick is to stay on it.

I further resolve to give every "break" I can (oh, I know I'm not the editor) to such swell actresses as Una Merkel, Madge Evans, Margaret Lindsay, Claire Trevor and ZaSu Pitts. They might not be top flight glamour girls—but they're a lot more fun. And talented.

For my final Resolution for 1939, I resolve not to rave more than three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year over Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Bette Davis' dramatic ability, Claudette Colbert's humanness, and Clark Gable's sex appeal.

Liza

Tips On Pictures

Words To The Wise. A Few Hints On Where To Spend Your Evenings.



Lovely Olivia de Havilland talks over life, love and what have you with Dick Powell on the roof of a New York skyscraper, while millions of electric lights blink at them like stars.

ANNABEL TAKES A TOUR. — Amusing. The second in a series of fast-moving snappy feature films woven around the bizarre publicity stunts inflicted upon a prominent film star (Lucille Ball). Finding Annabel's prestige sagging in favor of a hated rival, her press agent, Jack Oakie, organizes a breezy personal appearance tour which provides a bit of romance as well as some side-splitting complications for her.

CIPHER BUREAU—Interesting. A film story that will capture your interest because it deals with today's headlines concerning the spy situation in America. It is based on the actual existence during the World War of a bureau in Washington maintained for the decoding of spy messages. Of course the actual plot dramatized here is entirely fictional. Don Dillaway, Leon Ames, Charlotte Wynters, Joan Woodbury.

DARK RAPTURE—Excellent. One of the most absorbing travelogues ever filmed. It is casually presented in a very charming manner that absolutely holds your attention from beginning to end. Without delving into hokum for effects, it depicts in exciting pictorial fashion the strange life of two fascinating native tribes in the Belgian Congo. Don't miss this. It is unusual, colorful, and withal, true. It was produced by Armand Denis and his wife, Leila Roosevelt.

DOWN ON THE FARM—Amusing. The latest Jones Family opus, with three new characters added, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Collins and little Doris Bowdon adding to the general enjoyment. As the title indicates the Joneses go on a rural vacation and, in their sylvan retreat, are heckled by a group of city slickers whom they finally get the best of. (Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, etc.)

EDGE OF THE WORLD—Excellent. Tales of little known communities in far away corners of the world are always exciting adventures for us. This one, produced on the Island of Foula, off the Northwest coast of Scotland, concerns itself with the daily lives of a lonely group of Island natives and is intensely dramatic in spite of its great simplicity. Catch it at one of your arty theatres.

GRAND ILLUSION—Excellent. This won a prize in France, where it was produced, a prize well-deserved, we think. To us it is superb screen literature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English subtitles make it very easy to follow, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric Von Stroheim.

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Fair. Jane Bryan is the small town young lady who gets herself prosecuted because of a torn gown borrowed by her from the cleaning establishment in which she works. This step from glory leads to another, more serious one, and soon Jane by gradual steps is released from prison on probation, another innocent victim of circumstances. The film contains a fair amount of action, melodrama and, of course, romance. (Donald Reagan.)

GREAT WALTZ, THE—Splendid. This is a truly beautiful film, a treat to the eye, to the ear, and to the imagination. It tells the somewhat fanciful tale of Johann Strauss the 2nd, and his adventures in the world of music, and is accompanied by some of the most exquisite, lilting waltz melodies ever written. The setting is Vienna, many years before the World War, when it was a truly gay and fascinating place to live in. Superb cast includes Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus, Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert.

HARD TO GET.—Good. Light as air is this little tale of a gasoline station attendant (Dick Powell) whose great ambition is to establish a chain of auto trailer camps. Olivia de Havilland is the heiress (oh, you guessed it) who kindles his wrath and in retaliation she plays a practical joke upon him that eventually lands him in the upper brackets figuratively *and* literally. There's music, of course. (Charles Winninger.)

IF I WERE KING—Excellent. The highly romantic story of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, who created plenty of havoc in the street cafes of Paris during the reign of King Louis the 11th. By the King's whim Francois becomes Grand Constable of France for a period and his love affair with a lady of the nobility is delightfully told. (Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, Frances Dee, Ellen Drew.)

ILLEGAL TRAFFIC—Good. An expose of a new racket, having to do with the illegal transport of wrong-doers and their ill-gotten loot beyond the reach of the law. J. Carrol Naish is the principal conspirator, with Judith Barrett his pretty girl friend. On the side of law and order are Robert Preston and Mary Carlisle. Larry Crabbe is in the cast too.

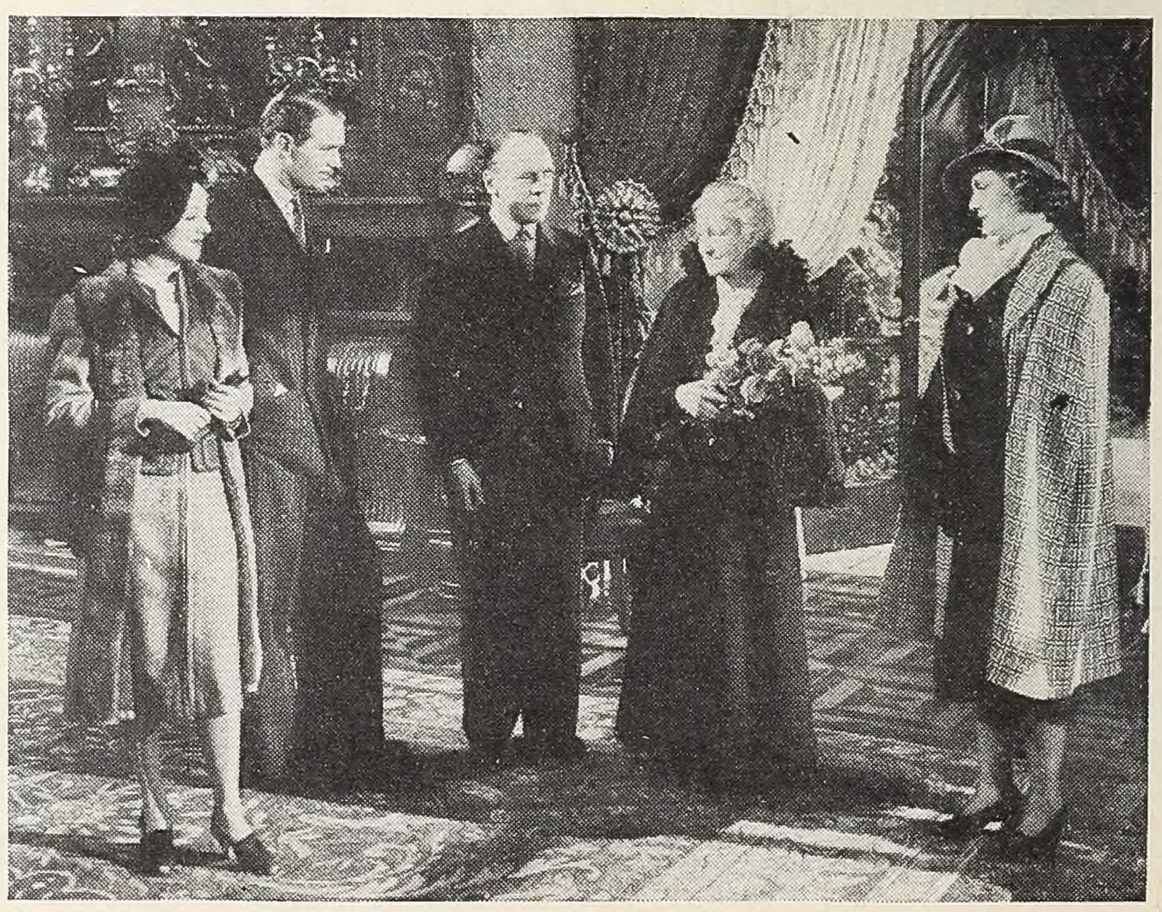
I STAND ACCUSED—Fair. This story is not exactly a new one, but it is handled cleverly and has a fresh and novel twist to the cops and robbers theme. It concerns two pals, who become partners when they graduate from law school, and whose ambitions and ideals eventually clash during a melodramatic sequence of events. (Robert Cummings, Thos. Beck, Lyle Talbot, Helen Mack.)

INSIDE STORY—Fair. Again Michael Whalen is cast as the roving reporter. This time, when drunk, he inserts a "Lonely Hearts" item in a paper asking for a similarly lonely girl to join him at his uncle's farm. Jean Rogers, a cheap night club hostess, desiring to hide for a while, answers the ad in person. After a number of melodramatic situations, Michael has the girl's name cleared and all ends happily.

LADY VANISHES, THE—Fine. Alfred Hitchcock, the celebrated English director, filmed this engrossingly told mystery yarn which has you hanging on to your seats there for a moment or two. We won't give the exciting plot away, except to tell you that most of the action takes place on a train speeding across Europe, and has to do with international politics. There's plenty of comedy, plenty of chills, and also plenty of romance. Excellent cast is headed by Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas and Dame May Whitty.

PYGMALION—Fine. Made in England, this stars Leslie Howard, who has been off the screen too long to suit us. The picture is smartly produced, with very amusing dialogue, and if you don't mind the British accent when it gets off to a bit o' cockney, then you're due for a good time when you see this modern comedy. Recommended to all Leslie Howard fans. (Wendy Hiller, Marie Lohr, Wilfred Lawson.)

60 GLORIOUS YEARS—Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. This should be ranked as a genuinely artistic, dramatic achievement, beautifully directed and acted. Topnotch cast includes Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey Smith.



Minnie Dupree confronts her newly made friends in "The Young In Heart." They are Janet Gaynor, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young and Billie Burke.

STORY OF A CHEAT, THE—Splendid. A witty, extremely entertaining film produced, directed, and acted by the great Sacha Guitry, France's gift to the stage. It is philosophical as well as romantic—in fact has everything to capture the heart of all true lovers of distinguished foreign films. There are English subtitles to make it easy for you to understand. (Jacqueline Delubac-Rosine Dorean.)

TARNISHED ANGEL—Fair. This is a story more than vaguely reminiscent of "The Miracle Man," that outstanding film of silent days. Sally Eilers plays the sordid night club hostess who turns evangelist and, with the aid of several pals, demonstrates her "healing powers" on fake cripples. The denouement is quite dramatic. (Ann Miller, Paul Guilfoyle, Lee Bowman.)

THAT CERTAIN AGE—Delightful. Deanna Durbin again chalks up another winner to her credit. She is altogether charming in this story of the adolescent daughter of a big publisher who thinks she is madly in love with one of her dad's writers, but discovers, after all, that a boy her own age suits her better. Perfect cast includes Melvyn Douglas, Nancy Carroll, Irene Rich, Jackie Cooper, John Halliday, etc.

THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE—Poor. Our neighbors across the sea flunked badly on this bit of labored whimsy with music. However, the music is lilting enough and may have you whistling when emerging from the theatre, but the English humor—that's something else altogether. Cast includes the popular Jack Buchanan who does what he can to lift your spirits.

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Good. After seeing this exciting football film, all your rooting will go to the Army, especially with John Howard as the star and Mary Carlisle as the Major's pretty daughter. No, we're not telling you the plot. You already know it. But we can tell you that it's never been done better.

TORCHY GETS HER MAN—Good. Once again Glenda Farrell takes over the character of Torchy Blane, reporter, working alongside of Barton MacLane, detective, although he finds that her intuitive mind puts his to considerable disadvantage. This episode (full length) has to do with counterfeiters, and the action principally takes place at a race track. Good on a dual bill.

YOUNG DR. KILDARE—Fine. Starting out as a B picture this suddenly turned into the A class, much to the surprise and pleasure of the producers. Lew Ayres plays a hospital interne who, while trying to protect a would-be suicide from being consigned to an insane asylum, solves her case and also commands the attention of an eminent physician. Excellent cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Lynne Carver, Samuel Hinds, Jo Ann Sayers.



In "The Lady Vanishes," Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood pause in their peregrination through the train for a moment's absorbed conversation.

YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Charming. One of those rare pictures that come around so seldom, with a theme that just touches the spot so far as your sentiment goes. It concerns a very young, very hardboiled, or so they think, family that willingly sponges on the elderly spinster who adores their youth but whose sweetness gradually works a change in them all. (Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Minnie Dupree, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Roland Young.)

VACATION FROM LOVE—Good. If you're in the mood for love and frivolity you'll get your share of both in this fluffy little comedy of marriage. Florence Rice and Dennis O'Keefe are the couple who promise to love, honor and obey, but when Florence finds Dennis philandering she runs over to Paris for a divorce. After an hilarious courtroom scene they decide to go back together again with "periodic" vacations from love, as prescribed by the French judge.



"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

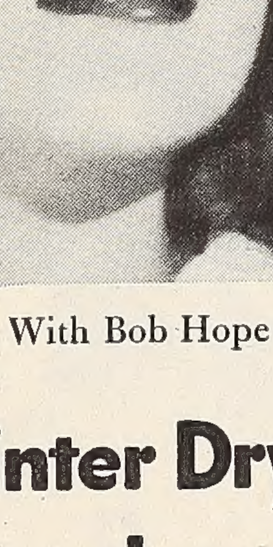
Shirley Ross* (Paramount Star) tells girls: "HANDS can have power to charm"

*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Result for careless girls—is coarser, harsher hands. Wiser girls supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION



NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2349 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

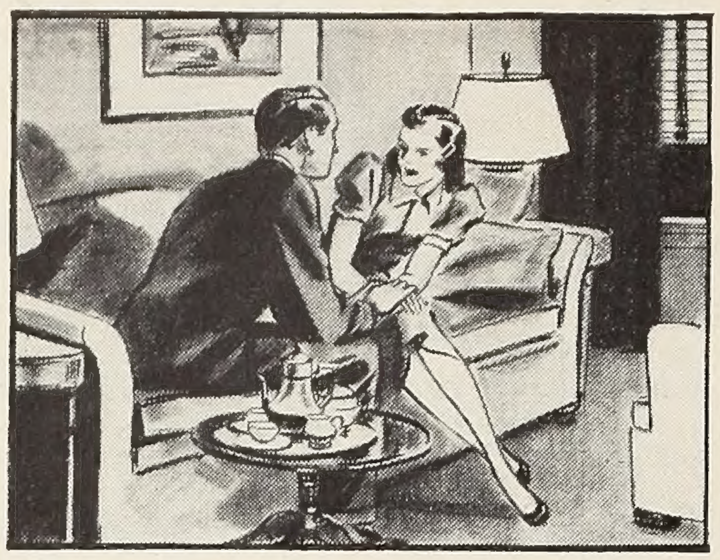
Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

I was averaging $45.00 a Week as a Saleswoman...



1 At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging $45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.



2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.

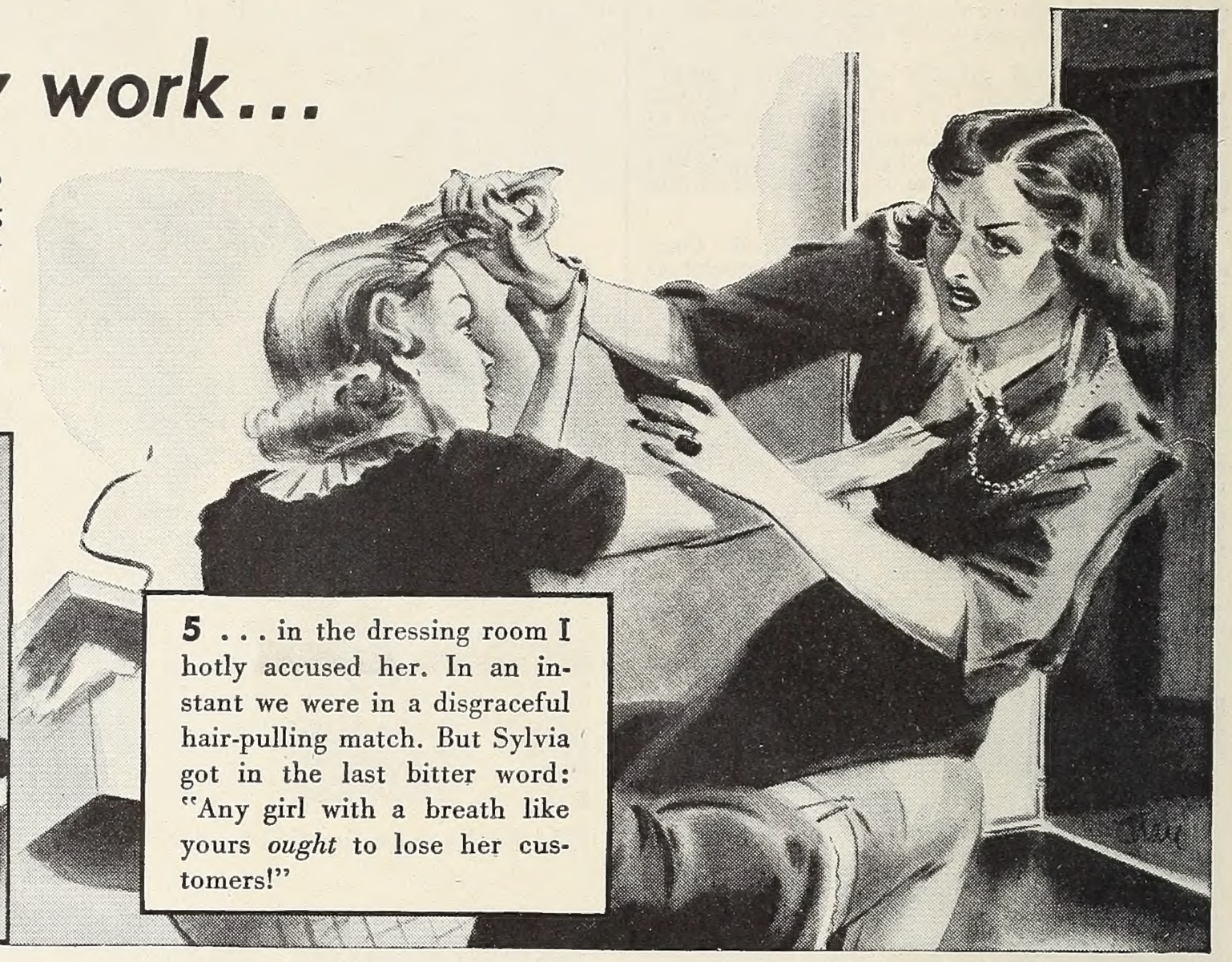


3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still . . .

I suspected dirty work...

4 I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and . . .





5 . . . in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours *ought* to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...



6 So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine — it's the best breath deodorant there is.



7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—— and Mrs. J——; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."



8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to *Listerine Antiseptic*. We'll announce our engagement soon.



USE LISTERINE for HALITOSIS
(*BAD BREATH*)

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

JANE WITHERS doesn't want Deanna Durbin getting ahead of her! A young writer who is whipping up a script for Jane's next picture was very surprised the other day to have little Miss Withers poke her head inside his office and say, "Are you writing my new picture? Well, then, will you do a favor for me?" The young man said he would be most pleased to do a favor for his favorite actress, Jane Withers. "Please," said Jane, "write me a love affair into it. Deanna Durbin had a love affair in her last picture, and I'm tired of being a kid and I want one too." The writer, a bit aghast, said he would have to take it up with Mr. Zanuck.

TWO young stock players were recently overheard in the Paramount commissary. Said he, over a chicken sandwich:

"The stars should be your pearls upon
a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have
the sun and moon to
wear
If I were king."

Said she, over a chocolate malted, "Listen, dope, it sounded swell when Ronald Colman said it to Frances Dee in the picture. But you're no Colman. Get wise to yourself."

And love lay a-dying.

WALTER WANGER'S dinner in honor of the James Roosevelts at the Trocadero was quite the most social party that Hollywood has had for some time. All the Glamour Girls, who got an invitation, put on their best clothes and must have proved to the Roosevelts that Hollywood stars are better dressed than senators' wives.



Janet Chapman and her funny pants. She's off to join the happy group of kid stars.

Norma Shearer had on a new white dress —Norma always wears white or black—and came with Howard Hughes. Merle Oberon, wearing her hair piled on top of her head for the first time, had on her best jewelry, and divided her time between David Niven and Bob Risken. Claudette Colbert, fresh from re-takes on "Zaza," tried to explain censorship to the President's son, but it's just one of those things you can't explain.

"Jimmy," in spite of his operation, danced the Lambeth Walk with Joan Bennett and Joan Crawford, while Mrs. Roosevelt danced with Tyrone Power, Freddie March, and Gary Cooper—and don't tell me they're not more exciting than senators. Connie Bennett, the Henry Fondas and the Douglas Fairbanks were among the social elite invited.

WHILE she is waiting for her baby Maureen O'Sullivan will go with her husband, John Farrow, on a trip to Mexico City.

THEY say the Andrea Leeds-Franchot Tone romance was getting off to a fine start when Franchot had to leave for New York to start rehearsal on his Group play, "Gentle People." His leading lady will probably be Sylvia Sidney—also a fugitive from Hollywood.

WHEN Mickey Rooney got a gander at Clark Gable all done up in a striped shirt and checked coat for his role of a vaudeville ham in "Idiot's Delight" Mickey casually remarked, "Gee, Clark, you look like you belong in an act with my old man." Joe Yule, Sr., Mickey's father is still a headliner in burlesque.

FOR her role in the "Ice Follies" Joan Crawford is wearing her hair parted in the middle for the first time since the sensationally successful "Letty Lynton." And it looks right cute that way.

SUCCESS definitely hasn't gone to Hedy Lamarr's pretty head yet. Although she is the most written about actress in Hollywood, and every writer simply drools over her beauty, and although her studio is giving her a regular Garbo build-up, Hedy goes along just as she did nine months ago when she first came to Hollywood.

She still lives in the smallest house in Beverly Hills and has only one servant, a French woman, who acts as maid, cook and housekeeper. She's never too busy at the studio to stop and chat with writers, to meet tourists and have her picture taken with them. She hasn't tried to pick herself off a producer, or a Glamour Boy, but is perfectly content with Reginald Gardiner, who was her boy friend long before she heard of "Algiers."



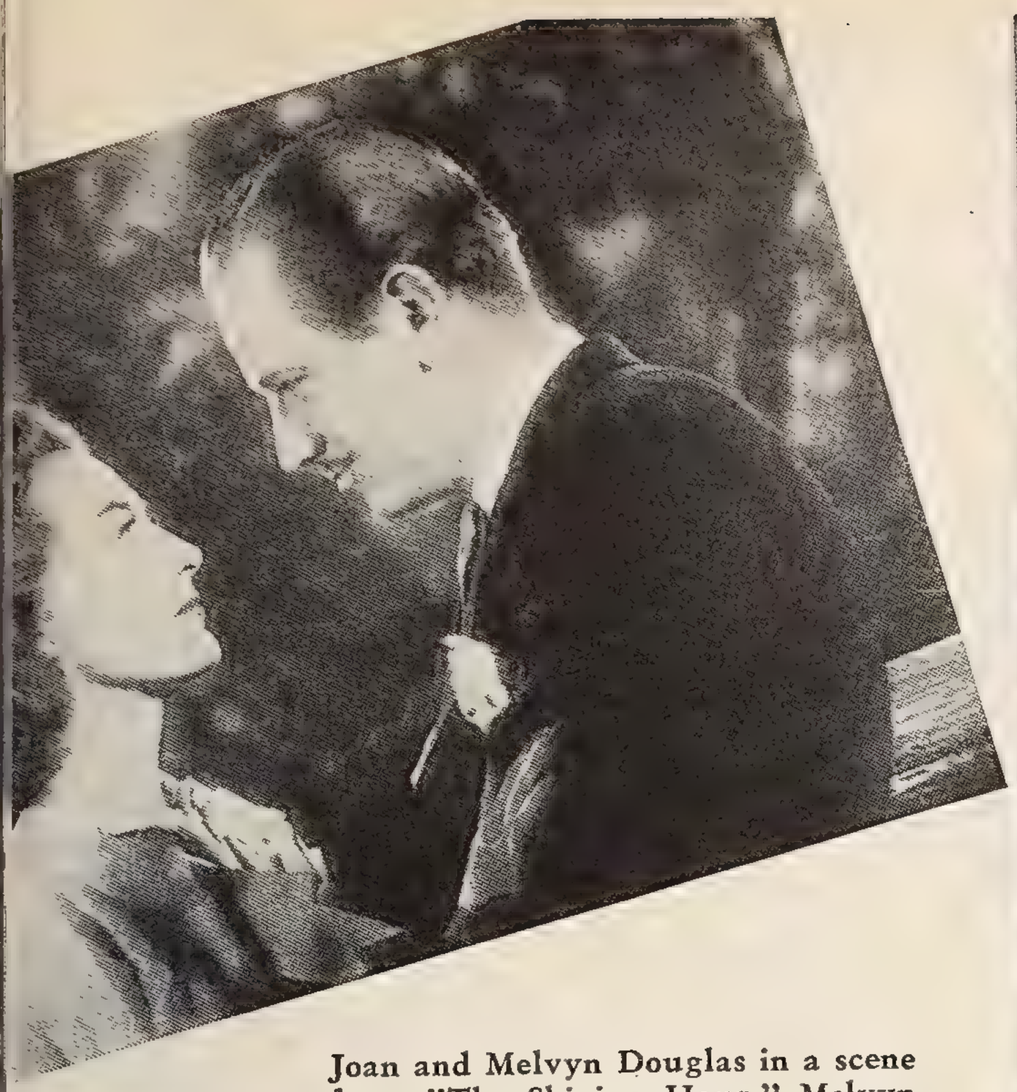
She's

The Personality And Charm Of Joan Crawford Are Clicking Once More. These Are Happy Days. Her New Picture, "The Shining Hour," Is Well Named.

WHEN an insurance agent with all kinds of twenty-pay-lifes and double indemnities asked Charlie Ruggles the other night what he would like to take out, our Charlie promplty answered, "Joan Crawford." And from what I can gather from my spies (Mata Hari hasn't been heard from since I gave her that assignment on Clark Gable) Mr. Ruggles' unsuppressed desire is rather representative of the desire of all American manhood.

I'm considerably annoyed about the whole thing, you can be sure of that—but I have to admit that Joan really *is* a swell person, so I shall be big about it just this once. Unless, of course, Mata Hari phones in that Gable too wants to take out Joan Crawford. Then I will be a bit catty. I'm not as gallant as all that.

Maybe it's Joan's figure that gets them. The Crawford chassis with the broad shoulders and slender hips and perfect weight is by far the best in Hollywood. Or maybe it's that aura of domesticity that hovers around her. (I hear that strong brave men are pushovers for needlepoint and ginger cookies.) Joan's domesticity is really on the level, and not just a little something her pub-



Joan and Melvyn Douglas in a scene from "The Shining Hour." Melvyn goes from one success to another, and in this picture he is one of a distinguished cast including Fay Bainter, Robert Young, Margaret Sullavan and Frank Albertson.

Dancing Again!

By Elizabeth Wilson



Joan's dancing aided her in her fight for stardom. She keeps in the bloom of health and her lovely figure should be listed among the screen's riches.

licity department dreamed up for the Sunday supplements. If you drop in on Miss C. unexpectedly at her Brentwood home it's a safe bet that she will be dusting the knick-knacks in the living room, putting away the laundry, or running up new draperies. The egg-beater she leaves to the cook—though, caught in an emergency, she knows what to do with it, too.

Well, anyway, whatever it is that attracts men, Joan seems to have it. Ever since she and Franchot broke up, the Hollywood boys have been desperately trying to date her. Cesar Romero, Randy Scott and Dick Cromwell seem to be making pretty good time.

And just to show you how universal this Joan Crawford phobia is a couple of weeks ago Hymie Fink, local photographer, discovered that Charlie Rhodes, another local photographer, was about to have a birthday. "What do you want for your birthday?" Hymie asked. "Joan Crawford," said Charlie, just as you and I and any other gal would say "A million dollars." So Hymie said he would settle for a party, and invited Charlie and his wife and two other photographers, Jack Albin and Bob Wallace, with their respective wife and girl friend to dinner.

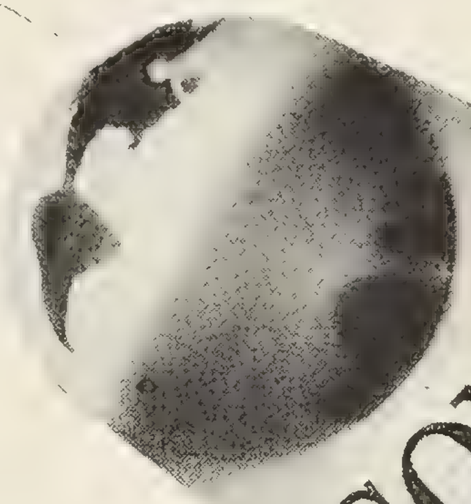
Well, when Joan heard that Charlie had asked for her for his birthday present you couldn't keep her away, and so when Charlie walked in that night expecting only the gang, there sat Miss Crawford grinning away like mad. "Here I am," said Joan. "Everything but the ribbons and Cellophane."

Now there is something like five thousand dollars or more difference in the weekly paychecks of Joan Crawford and the poor photographers who have to chase around Hollywood all hours of the day and night getting pictures of the stars for magazines—and so quite, quite naturally there came that long awkward pause when no one could think of a thing to say. But Joan, a swell person (or did I say that before?) took matters in hand and soon had all the wives gabbing away as if they had known her for years. After dinner (cooked by Hymie's sister) Joan poured the coffee, cleared the table and helped dry the dishes.

The boys were so pleased over Joan coming to their birthday dinner that immediately they invited her and Cesar Romero to a party to be given in her honor at the Cocoanut Grove. "I never ate such a good dinner," said Joan, "and when the cake came on all inscribed to me I nearly cried." Joan danced with the boys to the tunes of Wayne King's orchestra, swapped knitting secrets with the wives, and had herself a grand time.

During the evening Don Ameche, at the next table, leaned over to Joan and said, "I think this is the sweetest tribute I have ever seen in this town." It certainly is the first time anything like it has happened in Hollywood. There must be something awfully swell about a star when such [*Continued on page 72*]

1939 MOVIE PLOTS COME HOME TO ROOST!



The New Y

By
Ed
Sullivan

THE close-up shows 1939 in big letters, and, offhand, I'd make the prediction that the movies will find the twelve months ahead the most profitable in cinema history. The reason for your reporter's firm prediction is that the movie magnates, as a result of the experiments of 1938, have made a lot of New Year resolutions that will rebound to the advantage of you fans. The experiments of 1938 were widespread and varied. The threat of war exerted economic pressure, and the sagging box-office receipts forced the movies to take themselves apart, figuratively and literally, and learn what, exactly, made them go 'round. The lessons learned from that soul-probing will make for better pictures in 1939.

The most emphatic lesson that the movies learned, as a result of the hectic and frantic experiments of the past twelve months, was taught to them by the phenomenal success of the Judge Hardy series of pictures. This series of unpretentious, homespun flickers proved to everyone in Hollywood that movie-goers prefer lamb chops and chuck steak to caviar and champagne. They proved that simple, familiar problems and simple emotions, skilfully portrayed, could do more to revitalize an industry and the country's box-offices than anything else. Judge Hardy, in 1938, taught Hollywood the value of simplicity and sincerity; he taught Hollywood that good movies today are about ordinary people and ordinary lives.

Up to the appearance of Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland and Cecilia Parker in the Hardy series, the moviemakers had wandered away from the path. They had experimented with screwball comedies; they had vied with each other in inventing hurricanes, fires, snowslides, one attempting to drown out the other with sheer noise. Pictures costing $2,800,000 were the rule, rather than the exception to it. In the midst of this, along came the Judge Hardy series to prove that the joys and tribulations of an ordinary small-town American family commanded a greater audience than any of the expensive epics.

However, the most important fact that was hammered home in 1938 was the proof that the movies had reached such a point of organization that not even a war threat could demoralize the industry. The movies proved that they could take a savage hammering without going down for the full count, and the climax of that hammering arrived in early October when the world stayed away from theatres to hear Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini and Benes in daily radio deliveries affecting the lives of millons of people. If you prepared a 1938 graph, the lowest point the movies touched was in that week in October, but the recuperative powers of the industry were demonstrated immediately. They bounded back from that lowest point to new box-office records.

There is nothing visible in 1939 that will test the movies as cruelly as they were tested during the war crisis. The next twelve months should be a record of unparalleled prosperity. Even the labor situation and the union situation in Hollywood is in happier condition than has been the case in years. The indications are all fortuitous, and only a national calam-



The sun of 1939 strikes warmly on Mickey Rooney. He has had a big year. Lew Ayres, working again, has found a hearty welcome. Hedy Lamarr has the strange gift of Allure —Glamour—S. A. You'll have to look into this.

inds The Movie Fans Eager To See Stories f Everyday People—Our Sort.

ity can disrupt the present outlook.

When the war scare burst on the world, Hollywood found out what some of us had suspected all along—that it had permitted costs of pictures to get completely out of hand. Relying on Europe and the colonies to return from forty to fifty per cent of a picture's gross, the major companies had fallen into the error of believing that this would go on indefinitely. As a result, I doubt that you'll ever see the movies betrayed into a similar error. The war scare did more to stabilize the movie industry than anything else could have done. It brought them up short. Overnight, waste was trimmed to a minimum and contracts that had drained treasuries dry for years were allowed to lapse. These savings will all go back to movie fans in added entertainment, because you are the ones who foot the bills, and don't forget that for a moment.

Looking at the Hollywood situation from every possible angle, the thought is driven home that the movies never have entered a new year in better condition. A stronger Universal company adds to the healthiness of the prospect. United Artists has been strengthened by the addition of Milton Bren's unit at the Hal Roach lot. Each addition to the sources of product is a bonus to the movie fans. The new Disney studio, enlarged and made more energetic by reason of the success of "Snow White," indicates that the field of animated cartoons will be improved.

For the first time in years, the movies passed through 1938

[*Continued on page* **66**]

A fine new day is dawning for Alice Faye, Richard Greene and John Garfield. Great things are scheduled for them.



Into the shadow of obscurity go Simone Simon, Arleen Whalen, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis. Kay has not failed. Other studios want her, but a baron begging for a wife has won her.

FLASHSHOTS—

Night In Manhattan, And Only The Angels Are Watching The Goings On In 52nd Street. Notes And Negatives—

By Jerome Zerbe





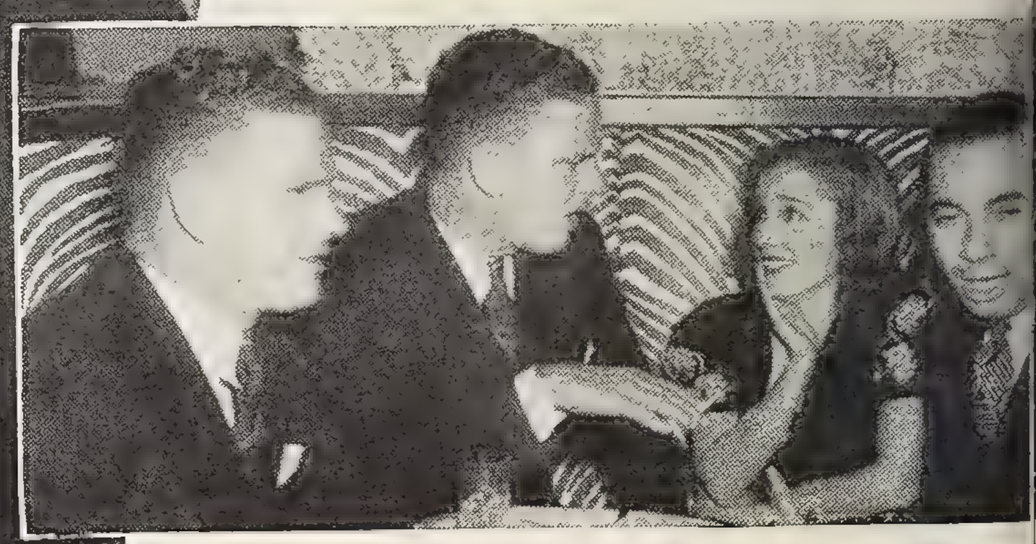
The curtain is down and Helen Hayes leaves the "Victoria Regina" theatre and joins her husband, Charles MacArthur, for a late Java night cap.



Gloria Swanson, who wears the new fads first, with "Sport" Ward.

SOMEONE in the crowded night club complained of the acrid smell of something burning. Several people at nearby tables checked to see if their cigarettes were where they should be and brushed off their clothes. Suddenly, Angelo, the Waiter Captain, went over to a platform, leaned over, and from behind, where it had fallen against the hot electric light blubs, pulled a badly burned and still smoldering chinchilla cape.

As the captain carried it out to the head waiter's desk to make his report, Lupe Velez stopped in her dancing to watch it go by with fascinated horror, and then pulling her partner after her, swiftly followed. There was nothing to do but wrap it carefully in tissue paper to be sent to the furriers for repairs. Lupe felt very badly and all [*Continued on page* 69]



Funny face on the former Sylvia Ashley—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

The Blair twins, with Lupe Velez and Billy Seymour of Hollywood, at El Morocco.

Her chin framed by her husband's hands, Miriam Hopkins raises a toast with Norman Bel Geddes. Her husband is Anatole Litvak.

Eleanor Whitney. Dancers must keep warm and orchidaceous.

Rosalind Russell caught on a high greeting.

Mary Brian dancing with Socialite Ernest Rice.

Stuart Erwin and Socialite Harold Meenan squiring June Collyer, Mrs. Erwin to you.

At 122 Degrees!



IT IS early morning in a tiny green oasis set in a vast expanse of dull gray desert in Southern California. The sun's first pinkish rays are slanting across the terrain from the east. They illumine a spot of rare beauty.

We are in the center of a thirty-acre grove of magnificent date palms. Immense, wide-spreading palms—at least, they are at their tops. They have thick, grayish trunks that extend without branches for an altitude of twenty-five or thirty-five feet. Then the branches reach out and droop for a dozen or more feet in each direction, and at the end of each branch, pulling it groundward, is a brownish mass of the heavy, semi-solid dates. On a good tree, we are told, there will be at least fifty pounds in each mass.

Indio is the name of this place, we're informed. At least, Indio is the name of the nearest town, and that's eight miles away. It's a hot, lazy Southern California town, with 3500 population. Fourteen miles away in another direction is the world-famous oasis of Palm Springs, gay and glamorous in its season, because it is the resting-spot, loafing-spot, romancing-spot of the well-to-do movie folk. But its season is Winter and this is Summer, and no one is over there, as we are to learn.

Speaking of movie folk, this is a movie company we're with. We're on location, making a picture called "They Made Me A Criminal," for Warner Bros. Now, location trips are no especial novelty to us. We have been on them in the snows of Truckee, the hot sands of Yuma, and various other places, including a battleship in the gently rolling Pacific. But this is about as strange an experience as we have ever encountered.

Moving about in a dozen or more different occupations are about one hundred men—grips, electricians, cinematographers and their assistants, a director and several aides, and, yes, some actors. Each wears a wide sun helmet and from the brim of this hangs a veil of tightly woven black netting. This covers his face and is tied about his neck. The men look like members of some sinister and mysterious secret society.

Why are they thus clad? The answer needs only one word—gnats! Thousands of them. Millions of them. Maybe billions of them. It seemed like the latter. Tiny, black, winged creatures no larger than the head of an ordinary pin, striving constantly to get into the eyes, the ears, the nose, and the mouth of each human. That's why everyone wore a veil, except, of course, the actors when engaged in the making of a scene. But they worked under the constant flow of air from giant fans—airplane propellers whirling at 1,750 revolutions a minute. This kept the infinitesimal pests away.

The famous "Dead End" kids, Bernard Punsley, Billy Halop and Leo Gorcey, picking dates in "They Made Me A Criminal."



These date gardens are considerably below sea-level. The land on which they grow must be highly fertilized, and the decaying fertilizer breeds the gnats.

It is only a bit after 5 o'clock, yet the temperature already has climbed above 90 degrees. A little later in the day it will reach 120. There was one day when the mercury touched the 124 mark. Cameras are kept under bits of awning. The rolls of film, until ready for use, are kept in an air-cooled compartment in the camera car. You can imagine the difficulties of picture-making under conditions like these. Yet all hands carry on!

We have been awakened at 4 o'clock, had a hasty breakfast in our hotel, the picturesque Del Tahquitz over at Palm Springs (which had to be opened up for us, since it always remains closed in the off seasons) and then have driven over here to the home of

Gloria Dickson and John Garfield, who plays a young pugilist.

By Joseph Jeffer O'Neil

"They Made Me A Criminal" Troupe Working At Fever Heat.





The camera and crew on an improvised track and car, as Garfield tramps along alone in the desert inferno.

the gnats and the region of terrific heat.

The star of our picture is John Garfield, he of the menacing voice and eyes. In it, with him, are those six imps of cinema land, the "Dead End" kids—Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsley and Bobby Jordan. Then, too, there are Claude Rains, Beulah Bondi, Ann Sheridan and Gloria Dickson, although the ladies are fortunate. They don't have to appear in the scenes that are being made this morning. Busby Berkeley is our director. He is making dramatic pictures these days and no longer has to be concerned with devising spectacular dances and numbers for big musical movies, which he did for years.

Highly dramatic, indeed, is the story of "They Made Me A Criminal." Garfield is a champion prizefighter who has fled New York, believing himself to be a murderer. He has heard of this date region and this particular ranch, which is operated as a sort of regeneration camp for underprivileged boys and young men. That's where the "Dead End" kids come in. They're winning their way toward respectability—though anyone who has ever had anything to do with those little devils in real life would probably bet against their success.

They're wild youngsters, these "Dead Enders." They make lots of money. They all have cars and girl friends (though Bobby Jordan doesn't fit in this latter class, since he's only 15); one of them, Billy Halop, even has a personal publicity secretary; another, Leo Gorcey, has accumulated seventeen speeding tickets and is about to take unto himself a bride! But they're great little actors, every one.

Removing their veils once they're under the airstream from the fans and are clear of the gnats, the six climb ladders that reach to the fruit-clusters, cut away great bunches of dates and drop them into gunnysacks slung from their shoulders. When they have as much weight as they can comfortably carry, they come to the ground again and place the fruit in boxes. Garfield is doing the same sort of work.

Two not-to-be-neglected figures are in the group underneath the palms. One is the chief cameraman or cinematographer, James Wong Howe, the only Chinese in the picture-making business. He's one of the aces of it, too. Jimmy smokes huge black cigars and drives a $15,000 car. He's an American, San Francisco born. He's known as a master of lights and shadows, and this location is perfect for his art.

Another interesting personality is the man who owns all this date land and from whom we have obtained the privilege of working here. He's the only one in sight without a black net veil. He's all in white, even down to soft white leather boots. H. L. Cavanagh is his name. He's been here for more than twenty years. He tells us some fascinating things about dates. For example, how the trees have to be pollenized by hand. There is no insect or bird that will carry pollen to the female trees. And he tells us, also, that there are only two male trees in his whole plantation, but they are enough for his needs. The Indo area grows about 90 per cent of all the dates raised in the United States. Arizona provides the rest.

Somehow Cavanagh has developed an immunity against the pesky gnats. They seem to stay away from him. He is envied by everybody present.

There are only two women with our company this morning. Both are veiled. They are Virginia Moore, the script girl, who makes stenographic records of the scenes and notes down every little detail of action, dialogue and costuming—and Lois Horne, principal of Warner Brothers' school-on-the-lot. Lois's job is to teach, daily, all members of the company who are still of school age. Her pupils just now are Bobby [*Continued on page* 64]

THE CLIMATE

THAT GOT A

Press Agent

The Sun-kissed Movie Stars Blossom Like Passion Flowers.

By
Paul Karel

DID you ever wonder what it must be like to live in the climatic bliss of Hollywood, and did you ever try to picture just how the movie industry fits itself into this so-called land of perpetual summer?

You most likely have long been convinced that climatic benefits were largely responsible for nursing a mewling, infant endeavor into the fourth largest industry in the country in less than twenty-five years. With all the atmosphere and color of the old Spanish days, with its purple deserts and magnolia scented nights, it seems, doesn't it, that in every esthetic nuance the Southland was the propitious spot for this great new art to blossom? But didn't you want, sometimes, to completely leave generalities and deal in facts? Wouldn't you like to know exactly how ideal it is? Did you ever wonder if there was any difference between April and July or December? Didn't you wonder if it wouldn't necessarily be advantageous to the studios to have a variety of weather rather than a monotonous sameness?

On a harsh, mid-western or eastern winter afternoon, when a shrill wind whirlpooled down the street, and, with no sunset, cold darkness came early, did you wonder if it were possible that your favorite screen star would soon be witnessing a semi-tropical dusk sighing itself away into a velvet-soft, exciting night? Did you go completely dreamy then or did you catch yourself up, startlingly, when you thought of earthquakes, or when you remembered you had read of a persistent rainy season, of floods?

Did you remember, then, too, of reading how pictures were held up in shooting because one or more of the principals had a cold or laryngitis or near-pneumonia? Didn't you wonder how anyone could get sick in such perfect weather, despite the fact that all the studios have hospitals on the lots and doctors in constant attendance? And then did you get to wondering why, with the boundless sunshine, artificial light was used by the hundreds of thousands of watts and even for exterior shooting?

And did you wonder why it was necessary for the studios to scrupulously consult the highest paid meteorologists in the world to find out just what kind of weather could be expected? Didn't it puzzle you? This, in the garden spot of America, in the established mecca of near-perfection.

You probably would have been more confused had you known that every call the studios give for work in most any capacity between the months of December and April has a stipulation to the effect that this work will be done on the following day only with "weather permitting." It's the extra and the laborers in this case who are never sure of their jobs for the next day until they have their cashed check in their pockets. Did you know that all important locations besides snow scenes in the high mountains are very seldom, if ever, attempted between New Years Day and the end of April because of fear of losses from unfavorable weather?

With all the precaution the studios take to protect themselves from climatic adversity there is still the earthquake hazard. There doesn't seem to be much that can be done about that. But strangely, too, earth tremors have never cost the entire industry any damage in dollars and cents or even as much



In winter togs, in real snow, Olivia de Havilland can work in a ski scene and, that same day, be a sun-kissed bather.

Slim and lovely Olivia de Havilland makes a beach as fascinating as any fabulous coral strand.





The weather of the tropics lets the mind relax and the informal note creeps into social behavior, at least into Joan Blondell's.

as one day of lost time in all the years it has been established here. But I will tell you later what care and foresight, even in spite of that, go into the building of all the great, new sound stages.

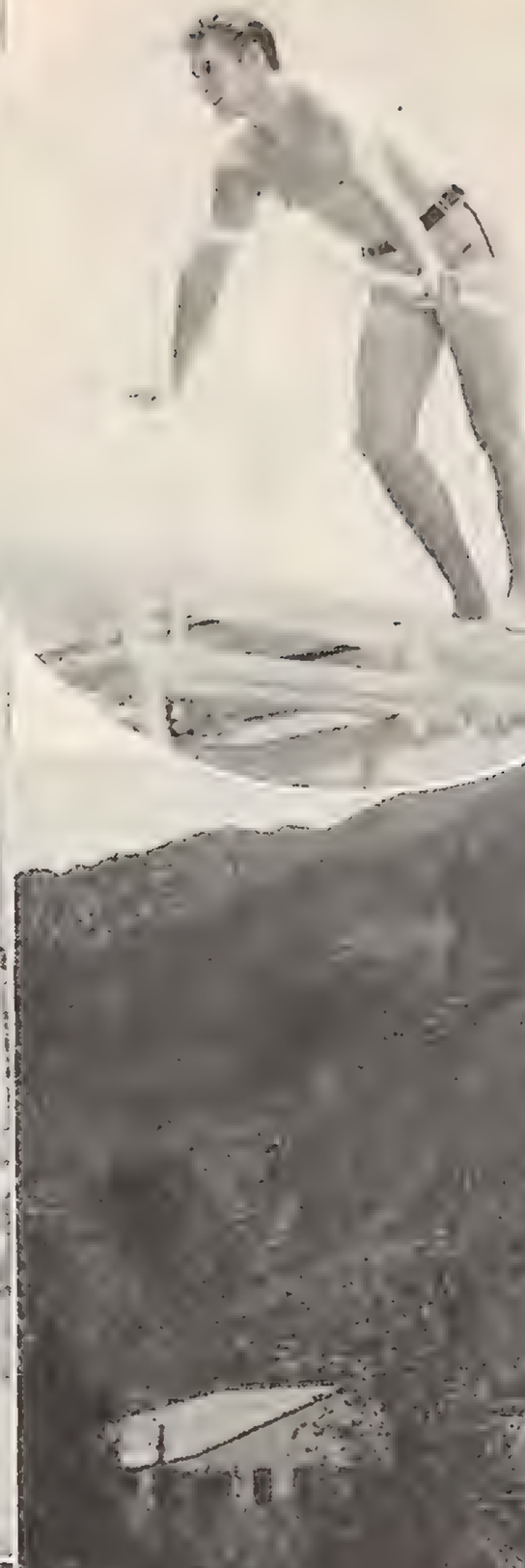
And now, I want to contradict everything I said regarding the adverse weather conditions that motion pictures have to contend with and I want to say that the industry in its technical details is absolutely independent of weather conditions. There is no reason why Hollywood in its present highly mechanized state couldn't exist, let us say, in Texas or Georgia or Florida. They do make pictures even in London you know. And very successful ones, too.

Hollywood in its technical capacity could readily adapt itself to any community. But again I want to contradict myself by saying that Southern California has any other conceivable spot beaten by tremendous odds and the motion picture industry, as I see it, could never leave this location.

Controversy sits interestingly on Hollywood. It always has. It has built a fabulous, exciting, fascination around each phase and around each intricacy. And in spite of the fact that great steps in mechanical development have made Hollywood almost independent of its surroundings, it is still the blue skies, the soft nights, the wide, endless flood of sunshine that has woven itself deep into the heart and core of the new art and that will always hold it relentlessly. It will hold it because it has fulfilled a deep-felt dream of 30,000 people who are vitally concerned, who *are* the industry. It has brought to them an almost unbelievable comfort in living the year around. It has brought them a universally-sought, deep, satisfying beauty. It has spilled in their lap a world of thrilling contrasts. It has given them unparalleled opportunities of work and play. And it has affixed its deep-wrought fascination so thoroughly that it can be broken away from only with great discomfort.

I want to try to explain all of this to you. And I want to give you a picture of how the industry as a whole has accustomed itself to the myriad advantages and comparatively few drawbacks of its color- [*Continued on page* 62]







Palm Springs is a desert spot that has become a vacation playground.

Left—Eleanor Powell in a summer frock gives a fashion hint to the rest of the world.

In circle—Errol Flynn likes the balmy days and enthusiastically takes to the water.

Top, center—The dancing star, Ginger Rogers, revels in tennis weather.

The Scenes That Are Made Over Often Prove To Be The Best In The Picture.



so intently might very well have been the result of numerous retakes, a word which very often spells the difference between the success and failure of a film and sometimes makes or breaks a star and a director, not to mention the producer of the motion picture.

Retakes are exactly what the name implies—a reshooting of certain scenes in a motion picture.

In the days when the late Irving Thalberg was considered the outstanding producer in Hollywood, it was said that the reason he was able to produce such fine photoplays was because he had enough money at his disposal to make over not only certain scenes



During the filming of "Cafe Metropole," Adolphe Menjou had a long scene to do over because of a fly—not to please him, to omit him—meaning the fly.



"Second Honeymoon" was Marjorie Weaver's first picture. In this scene she is with Lyle Talbot.





HOW many times have you nestled closer to your best girl or boy during a particularly tender love scene on the screen which was so exactly right that it seemed like perfection itself? How often have you sat tense with emotion during a moving and touching dramatic moment so vividly real it made you forget it was only make believe? Or how often have you watched breathlessly as thousands of extras—French peasants storming the Bastile, perhaps, or troops massing for an attack—surged across the screen with all the realism of a newsreel shot?

Time and time again, no doubt, judging from the number of fine entertainments the cinema gives us each year. And not once, I'll wager, as you watched these gripping or tender or exciting moments did the word "retake" flash through your mind, because what you were seeing up there in front of you on the screen represented perfection as nearly as it was humanly possible for countless experts in Hollywood to obtain it.

And yet, that very perfection you were watching on the screen

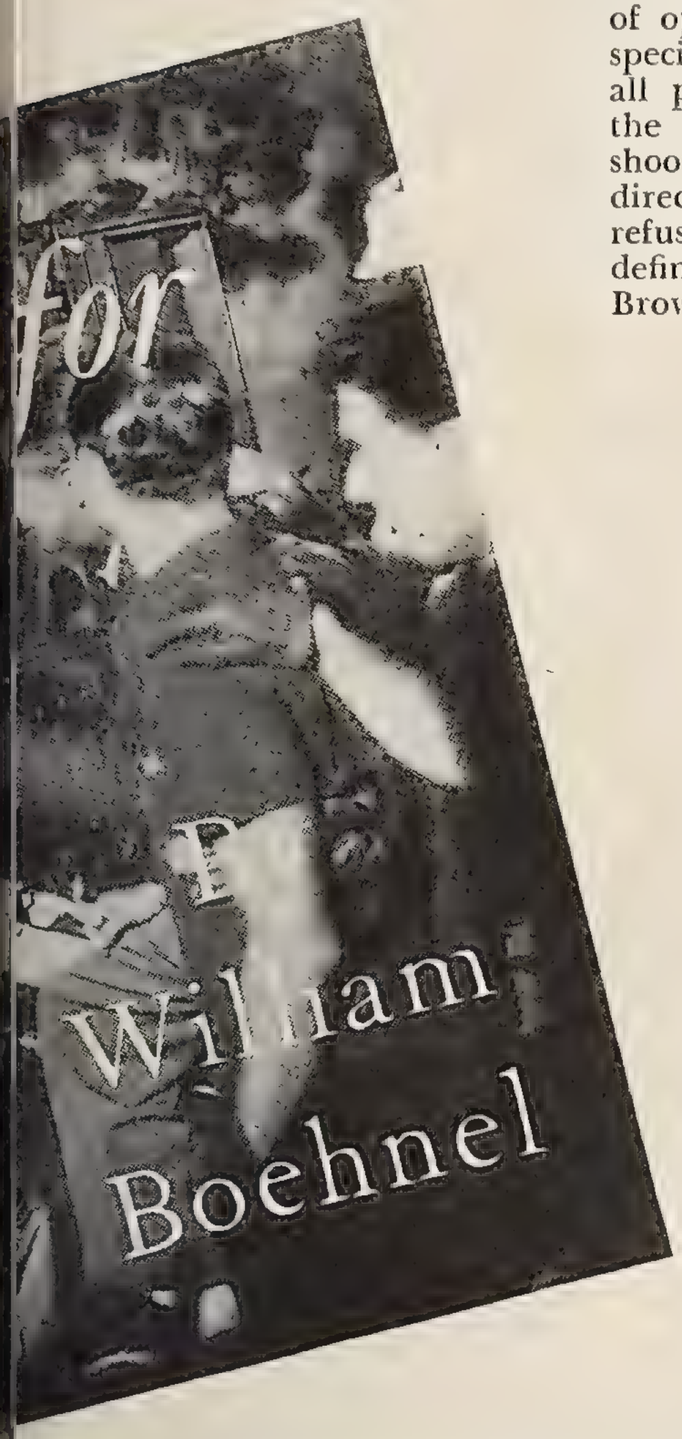
Retakes were ordered. Marjorie had recovered her poise and the retake revealed such a gay and zippy girl that—

In "Hold That Co-ed," she played with John Barrymore and rang the bell in every scene.

as often as he thought necessary, but an entire film if he so desired.

Regardless of the truth or justice of these criticisms, the fact remains that even if the late Mr. Thalberg did insist on retaking countless scenes, or even a whole picture, to achieve his aim, he had ample precedent in other fields, especially in the theatre where the poor neophyte soon learns how right George Bernard Shaw was when he said that plays are not written but re-written.

Such being the case, I have just completed a rather widespread symposium on the subject by mail, wire and personal contacts, obtaining the views of directors and producers.



Naturally, there was a diversity of opinion, especially as to certain specific details, but in the net the all powerful word "retake" meant the same to all of them—the re-shooting of certain scenes. Only one director, Clarence Brown of Metro, refused to acknowledge the accepted definition of the word. To Mr. Brown, there is no such thing as a retake, because, as he pointed out, scenes are never retaken, but changed. So they are new scenes.

To begin with, the reasons for retakes are many. To Harry Joe Brown, associate producer at 20th Century-Fox, they are made because the acting may be poor; the dialogue, which read all right on paper, may sound badly; the photography may be foggy or the set may not look realistic.

"In most cases of re-takes," Mr. Brown said, "the acting is at fault, since the scenario is rewritten until it is satisfactory before the picture goes into production, the photography seldom turns out badly and the set is checked by the associate producer and director for flaws before a foot of film is ever run off."

On the other hand, according to Frank Lloyd, ace Paramount director, whose latest film is "If I Were King," the reasons are more varied and numerous.

"The reasons for retakes," he informed the writer, "or for adding new scenes which were not included in the original script, are many. They may be [*Continued on page* 66]

Left—A Jones family film. The director orders the retakes, the actors have nothing to say.

Scenes in "The Baroness and the Butler" (Annabella and William Powell) had to be put back in work because of the props. They should have put the playwright on the fire again.



An off-stage picture of Clark Gable. His first picture revealed to the discerning eye of the producer a talent undeveloped, and retakes and added scenes made Gable an unforgettable success.

The Idea! Would You Believe That Movie Stars Are Just Regular Women —Crazy About Kitchens and Cooking? At Least Glenda Farrell Is.

GLENDA'S CASTLE



WHY, d'you know, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Glenda Farrell can have fun making out her income tax! She probably makes a game of it, pretends it's a puzzle or something and cries, "Whee!" when she gets the answer. She certainly gets a lot of fun out of other things which seem pretty mundane to other people. She does everything so hard. Things take her—or she takes them—by storm.

When I saw her, a few days ago, she had just had a violent attack of domesticity which was waning slightly before the onslaught of preparations for a trip to New York. She had just learned that she had been elected "mayor of North Hollywood" and was wondering, amidst her lists of things-to-be-done-before-leaving-for-the-East, whether she would have to make a speech somewhere. That idea gave her the giggles.

In the middle of all this, domesticity reasserted itself. She dropped everything to beseech, "*Do* come and look at the new things I have in the kitchen! A whole set of new cooking things!"

Her cousin, Gene, or maybe it was her cousin-in-law, Doris, emitted a slight moaning sound. "There it goes again," someone murmured. "Glenda had a party a few nights ago and she made every single guest go to the kitchen and admire those new pots and pans."

I didn't blame her. I'm no mean judge of pots and pans myself and this set was a dandy. All

The walls in Glenda's playroom are ivory. The floor is inlaid composition in brown, copper and white. Sofa, chairs and stool tops are upholstered in white and brown leather.



By Helen Louise Walker



The dining room walls are done in antique ivory. Draperies are of powder blue satin. The broadloom carpet is also in blue. Duncan Phyfe furniture is in antique ivory with mahogany tops.



The pale blue and rose living room is a charming setting for her white Knabe Grand piano. The low footstools and tables give an atmosphere of daintiness and comfort to this small room.

sizes and shapes, tailored to all sorts of uses, all white enamel with black and white stripes. I started to say, "I have a nest of saucepans just like those . . ." but Glenda was waving a tiny coffeepot at me. "This is my favorite!" she announced. "It's a Vollrath Cook King set. Don't you love it?"

Plaintive wails from the front part of the house where packing was going on failed to disturb us. When two women who really like kitchens and cooking get together, you never know where it will end. Glenda was showing me her new ice box.

"It's a 'Cold Spot' and I bought it at Sears Roebuck and I had a christening party for it. I didn't have anything in the house to eat for a couple of weeks except frozen things or chilled things. People caught cold!"

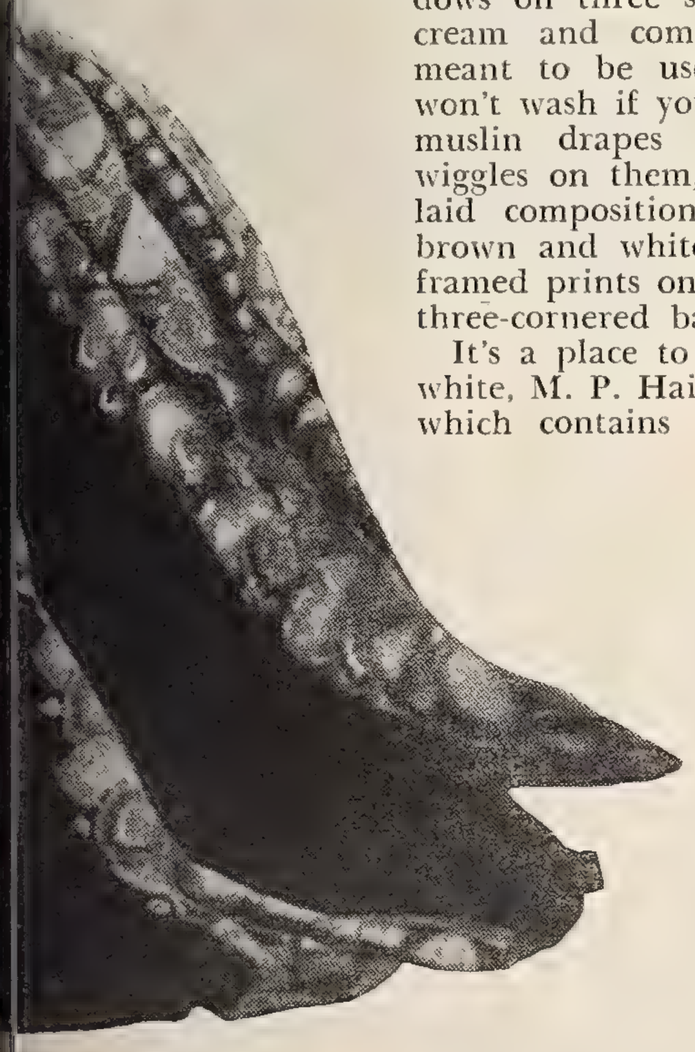
I was called upon to admire the new "Magic Chef" gas range, with all its time-keeping gadgets and things, before she bounded to her spice cupboard. This is her pride and joy. It wouldn't have surprised me to see her roll up her sleeves and roast a turkey, then and there.

There were rows of enticing brown and gold and tawny things, each in its own neatly labeled glass jar. "Some of my spices I have ground especially for me," she explained. "Sometimes we grind them here. Lots of spices are so much better if you grind them as you need them. I get 'Ben Hur' whole spices in the cardboard boxes and keep them in the jars. The ground spices (same brand) come in their own little tins or glass bottles.

"Some of the things I use to put in or to serve with curry I get direct from India. But you have to have 'Major Gray's Chutney.' D'you like curry?"

I was trying to say, "Yes, indeed!" in an enthusiastic and hopeful fashion when I found myself being whisked (*whisked* is what I said and if anyone can *whisk* me she's a good whisker!) to the playroom upstairs.

This is a particularly nice room. It's not too big to be cozy and it is certainly not small enough to be stuffy . . . with windows on three sides of it. It's all brown and cream and comfortable. Everything in it is meant to be used and there is nothing that won't wash if you get a spot on it. Unbleached muslin drapes with brown, cotton chenille wiggles on them, brown, copper and white inlaid composition floor, copper topped tables, brown and white leather upholstering, copper-framed prints on the wall. There is a mirrored, three-cornered bar in one corner.



Actress, housekeeper and the mother of a fifteen year old boy, Glenda Farrell raises the standard of all glamour gals.

It's a place to have fun. There is a toy-sized white, M. P. Haines piano and a carved cabinet which contains one of Glenda's special treasures—one of the new Capehart combination radio-and-phonograph arrangements. Hand-hewn wooden corner cupboards hold some of the treasures she brought from abroad. Steins with grinning faces on them, a set of King Edward cups (Glenda was in England just before the Abdication) some beautiful glass.

A long shelf holds an imposing array of electrical gadgets—a chromium grill, a snack-server, some ice buckets, an Electro-hot toaster and a Silex coffee maker.

"I make hamburgers up here," Glenda boasted. "And griddle cakes. And scrambled eggs and toast and coffee. And it doesn't get stuffy or smell of fried things because I have that fan. See? That thing over there. It's on a pivot, so it clears the air all over the room It's an Emerson fan and one of my friends gave it to me after I had nearly suffocated everyone, frying eggs!"

There is no telling how long all this might have gone on, what with our exchanging recipes and what-not, if Cousin Gene hadn't come up to report some crisis in the packing down stairs. While Glenda was coping with it, he told me about her redecorating activities.

"She did the house over," he pronounced. "I mean, she did it *clear* over. She'd say, 'We'll just knock out that wall and add a few feet to this room. We can rip out some plaster on the inner wall and have some built-in bookcases. Then she began on the furniture. . . ."

It seems that Glenda couldn't decide whether she wanted a severe modern effect or whether she would go for a period. But—*what* period? A patient (and expensive) furniture dealer sent her no less than five different combinations of furniture and samples of drapes and upholstering for three or four important rooms. She would place them, gaze at them and then shake her head. She finally decided upon what she calls "a hodge-podge which expresses me."

The hodge-podge includes a pale blue and rose living room with a graceful, arched fireplace, a white Knabe Grand piano, low chairs, footstools, tables, all brightened by huge bowls of bright flowers. It is a dainty, rather small room and it seemed, somehow, to be full of Siamese cats of all sizes and colors—startling creatures who leapt off the mantel-piece suddenly onto one's unsuspecting shoulders or who sharpened their claws industriously and persistently on fragile, pale blue satin chairs. No one seemed to notice them much except me. Cousin Gene did vouchsafe that they were fed on Marco canned food and some fresh meat and that they all seemed to be in good shape. I viewed them with some apprehension.

Beyond the living room is a den (where the built-in bookcases are) and beyond that is Glenda's bed room—all peach satin and pale blue, lots of dainty knick-knacks, a large framed photograph of her fifteen-year-old boy, a beautiful glass cabinet filled with bottles of imported perfumes and toilet waters.

But just beyond is her dressing room—a severe, ivory tinted nook which is just as much her workroom as your office may be to you. Here is a practical, well-lit make-up table, neat cupboards for clothes, costumes, shoes, hats. Here Glenda keeps the tools of her trade.

Since I had started prowling, anyhow, in the most shameless fashion, I demanded to see what she had on her make-up shelves. Max Factor and Elizabeth Arden products nudged each other on these shelves. There were the different heavy make-ups for varying types of lights and varying types of characters on the screen. There were the lighter, daintier off-the-screen powders, rouges and lip sticks for day and evening wear. There were boxes of Kleenex and a bottle of Jergens' Lotion. All very practical and sensible.

[*Continued on page* 63]

What Needle In

THE hush of early morning was shattered by a roar, as, swift as light a huge mass of metal, barely distinguishable because of its speed, zoomed down the salt flats and instantly disappeared.

The "Thunderbolt" had covered the fastest land-mile ever recorded. In a fraction under eleven seconds Captain Eyston, its driver, became world famous.

Behind that terrific burst of speed, clearing the way and making the record possible, entailing great patience and greater expense, were years of preparation. It was essential that every nut and bolt be exact. To accomplish this required the best efforts and conscientious co-operation of a group of men, each of whom, rest assured, was an expert in his line.

Exactly the same may be said of a good motion picture. The finished film when run off in a theatre lasts about eighty minutes. But, long before a camera is cranked, weeks, months, sometimes even years of work are required by a group of experts to make the film entertainingly accurate in every respect when it finally reaches the screen. This takes time and costs money; no item is too small to be ironed out, no detail too unimportant to spend weeks of research and thousands of dollars upon—in order to achieve ultimate perfection!

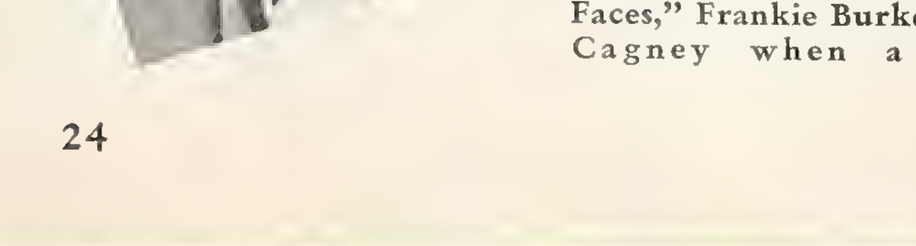
Can you imagine a group of high salaried movie executives working themselves up in a lather over an old stove? The script of the picture, "Cimarron," called for an oil cook-stove of a certain period and, as it happened, the "needle in the hay-stack" would have been duck soup, by comparison. But in New York the Research Department began the *apparently* easy task of finding one by looking up early mercantile manufacturers that were still in existence, locally. Two or three companies were found, but further investigation disclosed that they never made the type of stove that a mid-westerner would take on a long trek in a covered wagon. The job proved not so easy as Research men drew blank after blank. The situation became serious; hours turned into days, days to weeks. Still no stove was to be found. Tracing clue after clue, the search grew nation-wide until at last by endless trial and error methods, an old, old company was located in a small town in Ohio.



"Gunga Din." Cary Grant, and Sam Jaffe as the celebrated water boy.



The brontosaurus that had a stand-in.



In "Angels With Dirty Faces," Frankie Burke plays Cagney when a boy.

The Director of Research wrote to them and learned that they had made such stoves but that none were left; they had no idea where one could be found and, finally, even all their old catalogues had been destroyed. However, they did think that the eighty-year old retired President of the company had kept a set of the old catalogues; they *didn't* think that he would lend them out.

Surprisingly, the ex-President complied with the wishes of the Director by sending the priceless set to him. Immediately the gleeful Research men had photostats made of the illustrations, which were sent to Hollywood with a complete description of the elusive stove. From this data an exact duplicate was made.

"We spent two solid months searching for that stove," explained the Director of Research. "And when 'Cimarron' reached the screen, it was used only once—then in the shadows of a night scene! I venture to say that ninety percent of the people who saw

WHICH HAYSTACK?

Research Departments Know All The Answers But The Directors Do Not Ask The Right Questions

By
Julian Ralph
Walkley



Danielle Darrieux has to have a picture story that fits, but where is it?

In "If I Were King," the story was changed so that the greatest actor on the English speaking stage could be used.

the picture didn't know there was a stove in it!"

Perfection prevails not only in the Research, but in all departments. The original play and previous picture upon which "If I Were King" is based both featured the role of Mother Villon. For his new version Producer Frank Lloyd ordered the script-writers to change the part and replace it with the present Father Villon. He made this radical change in a story that had twice before proven itself excellent, not just for something to do, but because he wanted to employ the talents of C. V. France, the "greatest actor on the English stage."
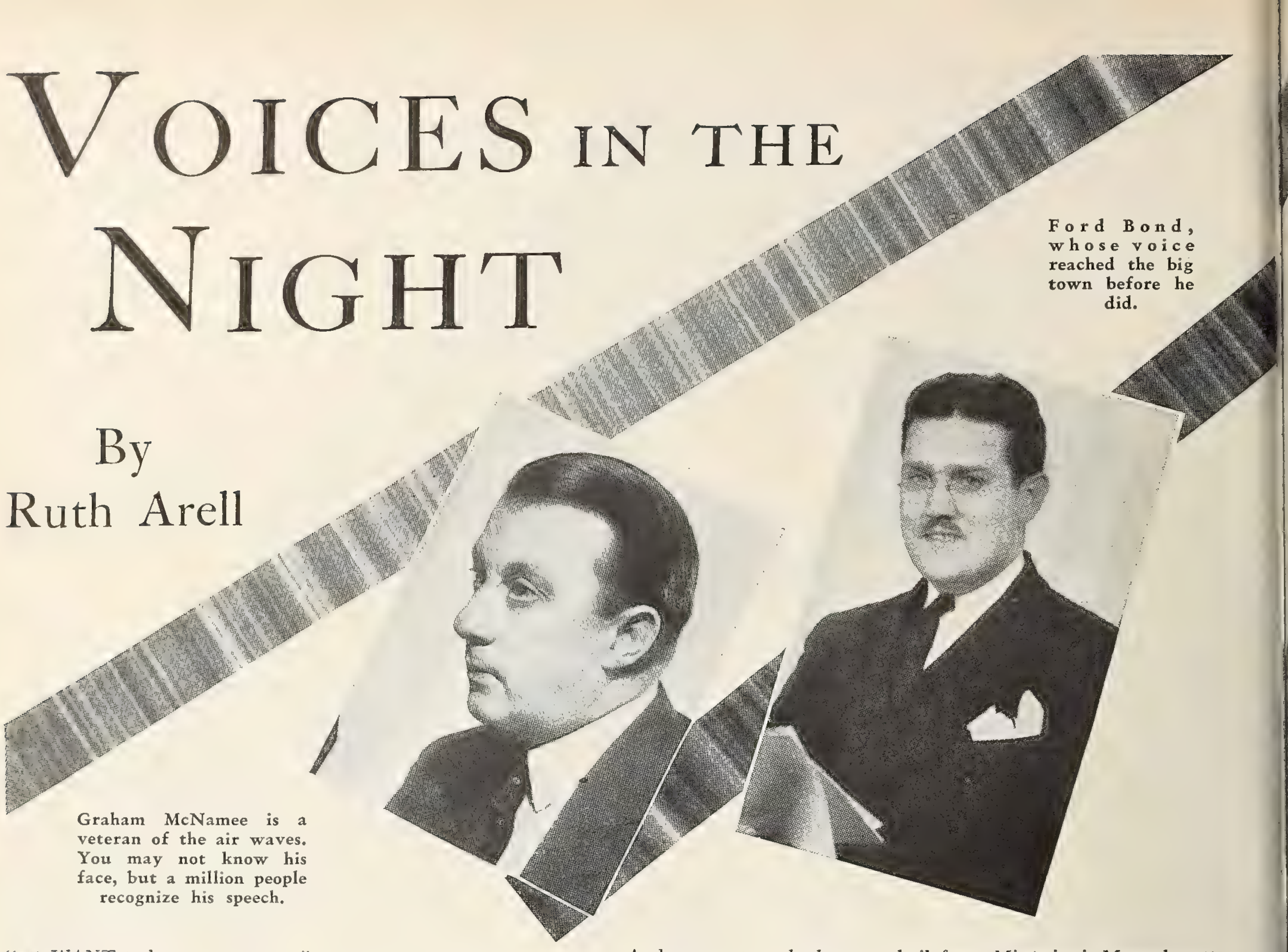
"Frank Lloyd knew of France' reputation in England," Lou Smith, Associate Producer of the film, told the writer, "and had seen him act small parts in two English films; he wanted that man for the picture, so he changed the script to fit him."

C. V. France, who plays Father Villon in, "If I Were King," is perfection in the opinion of no less an authority than W. Somerset Maugham, who, in his best selling autobiography, "Summing Up," calls him "the finest actor on the English stage." In the entire book, which deals with Maugham's life as a novelist and playwright, France is the only actor to receive praise; in fact, the only actor whose name is mentioned.

Story Departments also constantly strive to find the faultless story for their stars. Remembering Danielle Darrieux in "Mayerling," officials at Universal decided that her next film should be a serious one. Little expecting any difficulty, the order was given to the Hollywood and New York scenario [*Continued on page* 60]

VOICES IN THE NIGHT

By Ruth Arell



Ford Bond, whose voice reached the big town before he did.

Graham McNamee is a veteran of the air waves. You may not know his face, but a million people recognize his speech.

"I WANT to be an announcer."

Every year Pat Kelly, supervisor of the National Broadcasting Company's staff of announcers and John Carlyle, production manager of the Columbia Broadcasting System, hear that statement from about a thousand ambitious young men (we'll tell you later why they don't listen to women). Yet from this number they will perhaps find only two who are fitted for network broadcasting.

What, you ask, have those two got that the others lacked? It sounds so easy when you listen to Harry Von Zell squeeze in plugs for toothpaste between quips from Fred Allen, or Ken Carpenter make merry with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns when not extolling the merits of cheese, that perhaps like me you've been wondering why so many failed. If you have, you'll be as surprised as I was to learn that in order to be a radio salesman of coffee, cold cream, floor wax or what have you, or before you can hope to bring a prize fight or a concert to the armchair audience, there's more to the job than casually meets the ear.

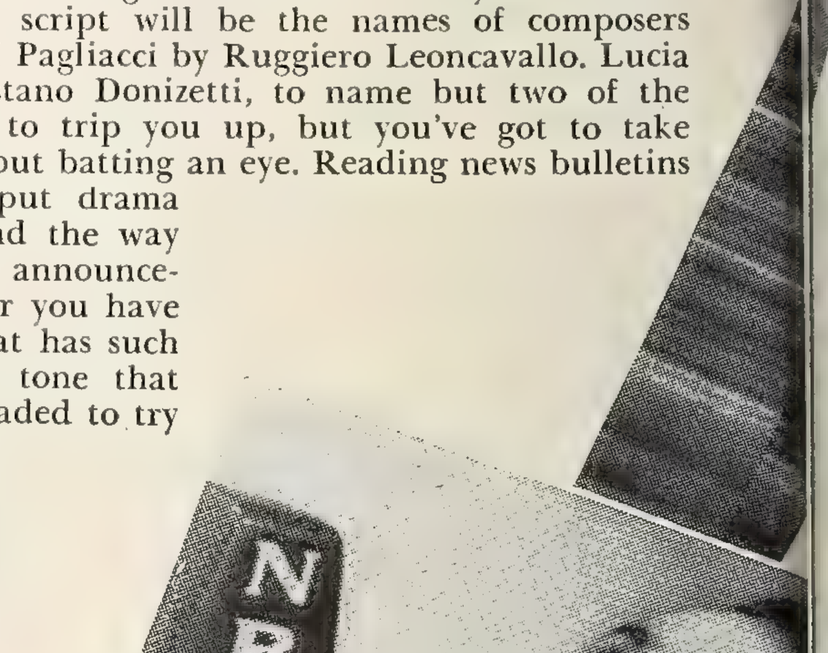
If your mental picture of a radio announcer was that of a man attached to a superlative voice, the picture is all out of focus, according to Mr. Kelly. "Voice is almost the last thing on which I rate a prospect," he said. "A good one is an asset, but of no use if its owner cannot put personality into it. Take Graham McNamee for example. Stand him up to a mike to say 'ah' and he'll sound like any other voice of good, sound timber. But let him say even a few words and you immediately note the difference. Mac knows when to use a rising inflection and, what is equally important, when not to. He gives feeling to his words. In the theatre we call it showmanship."

Now let's say you are one of those ambitious young men. You present yourself at NBC or CBS for an audition, the routine being practically the same in both places. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kelly expect you to have had a college education, a knowledge of at least one foreign language and to be familiar with the names of composers and their works, musical terms, and a musical instrument. As you tell them about yourself—your background, ambitions, hobbies, the sports you like, the places you've been or would like to visit—they size you up. Many are eliminated here because they fail to strike the right note between shyness and outright bragging. To create a good impression you've got to be able to talk about yourself in a poised, tactful and interesting manner without being smug or self-conscious.

If you come through this scrutiny you are given a script to read. You talk into a mike that is piped to a nearby studio so that your voice will sound as if coming from a loudspeaker. Speech defects, unnoticed face-to-face, are magnified by the mike. And no matter whether you hail from Mississippi, Massachusetts or Montana, you've got to "talk United States." A Southern drawl, Western twang or affected Harvard accent puts you out of the running. There must be no regional inflection in your voice.

Scattered through the script will be the names of composers and their works such as I Pagliacci by Ruggiero Leoncavallo. Lucia di Lammermoor by Gastano Donizetti, to name but two of the tongue twisters waiting to trip you up, but you've got to take them in your stride without batting an eye. Reading news bulletins will show if you can put drama into a bare sentence, and the way you handle commercial announcements will prove whether you have a "selling voice," one that has such a pleasant harmony of tone that listeners-in will be persuaded to try the product.

And finally you'll have to show how mentally alert you are. "I want to see with what initiative and clear thinking the young man can take command of an emergency or unrehearsed situation," explained Mr. Carlyle. "I might ask him to imagine that just as the program is about to go on the air and he turns to signal the conductor for the orchestra's opening number, he discovers that the conductor isn't there. As announcer, how will he carry on? Or I'll ask him to describe the scene at the airport where a new speed flyer is expected. Even if he's never



A mike-man of reputation is Ben Grauer.

Even In The Daylight Their Broadcasts Range Across The Continents And Zip By Coral Islands In Southern Seas.



Milton Cross, who knew the networks when they were only so big.

witnessed such a scene, he must not hesitate or be at a loss for words. I expect him to draw on his imagination to give me color, human interest and mass movement. This last test, the ability to meet a difficult situation with humor and good judgment, is the stumbling-block of nearly all applicants. Yet we cannot use a man, no matter how easily foreign names slide off his tongue or how distinctive his voice is, if we aren't confident that he'll always come through in a pinch.'

Even when you've passed all the tests with flying colors you are a long way from cutting out Paul Douglas as Gracie Allen's air amour or taking Bill Goodwin's place as stooge for Bob Hope. You've got to learn the intricacies of the announcer's box with its various button and light signals, how to set up the network for various programs, any many other details. When you finally get at the mike, giving the station call letters is all you'll do at first. As you become more experienced you'll be allowed to handle non-commercial programs. It takes about two years to master the behind-the-scenes technique before you are ready for a commercial.

Broadcasting has come a long way from the time, little more than a dozen years ago, when the great networks were formed. About the only veterans of that era now heard on the air are Ted Husing, who speaks for WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Graham McNamee and Milton J. Cross, who take the air for NBC. Discussing the strides taken in broadcasting with Mr. Cross recently, he looked about him at NBC's modern studios in Radio City and told me that when he first went on the air over WJZ, it was just a small local station in Newark, N. J. Today it is a key station in a coast-to-coast network; but then their one and only studio was a portion of a wash room that had been partitioned off. And in addition to announcing, he had to assist the engineer, write the continuity, and all too often be the whole show himself when performers, unpaid in those days, didn't bother to appear.

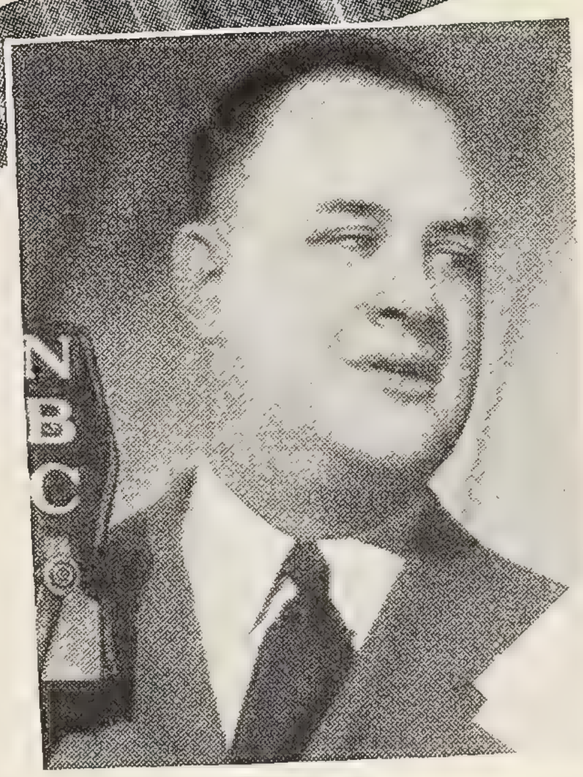
Movie talent scouts say that if you have what it takes, you're bound to be spotted no matter how many miles away you are from Hollywood. The same seems to hold true with the nation's ace announcers, very few of whom got their first experience directly on the networks. Most of them broke in on a small station. To mention a few, Jimmy Wallington did his first broadcast in Schenectady, Bill Goodwin in Sacramento, Paul Douglas in Philadelphia, Ken Miles and Don Wilson in Los Angeles, Dell Sharbut in Fort Worth and Ford Bond in Louisville. So if you can't connect on a network, don't let grass grow on your tonsils. Try the local station in the town where you live. The main thing is to get on the air, and if you are good you're bound to be heard in places where it counts.

As far as the listener-in is concerned, it makes no difference to him but from the standpoint of personal prestige the status of the announcer has taken an upturn in recent years. From being the station's general handyman, he emerges as a personality in his own right. And all by accident.

It used to be the custom for the station to assign an announcer to a program and the sponsor seldom gave a second thought to the man who delivered his sales message. He was more concerned with his high-priced stars. But, after a while, these sponsors learned from fan mail that the network topnotchers had built up quite a following among the dialers who were kindly disposed toward these men and would buy the products they talked about. So they began to ask for certain announcers instead of taking the men assigned. Inevitably, two sponsors wanted the same announcer for programs aired at the same time and the announcer suddenly woke to the fact that he had "artist" value. Today he is regarded as a specialized actor whom sponsors seek with the same ardor they go after the other talent on the show.

As a result, announcers are now divided into two big classes. First come the staff men. The seniors are the men who man the mikes on important non-commercial shows such as concerts, the broadcasting of parades, athletic events and other sustaining programs put on to fill in the time that hasn't been sold to a commercial sponsor. Some of the better known staff announcers are Ford Bond, Milton J. Cross, Ben Grauer, George Hicks and Howard Claney. Salaries in this group average

[*Continued on page* 64]



Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You know his laugh, and here is Don Wilson himself.



If you like Bing Crosby's program, perhaps it is because of Ken Carpenter's voice, which adds to the gayety.

BEHAVE OR ELSE

Hollywood Rules With An Iron Hand. No Star May Long Defy The Code Of The Studios And Survive.

By Jeanne de Kolty



TWENTY years ago, Sarah Schwartz was enroute to stardom. Slim, young, with a promise of the world at her feet, she was passing by the cutting room the day an explosion occurred. Within that room, Sarah knew, was the negative of an important production. Disregarding her own danger, thinking only of her duty to the studio, she ran into the seething inferno, scooped the precious negative in her arms and made for the door, to collapse just outside, a living torch of flaming costume and seared flesh.

To save a picture, she gave her beauty, her career, very nearly her life. Today, after

Joy Hodges made good in the fast company of a Broadway hit, and in the picture, "Service de Luxe," she makes an unsympathetic part rival the star's characterization.

Scandal is taboo and Mary Astor is one of the few players who has felt its clammy hands and held her place.

twenty years, Hollywood is still paying its debt to her. She is a living example of Hollywood's unwritten law—a law that has elevated the humble to stardom and dragged the great in the dust of oblivion—that *those who would succeed in the movies must be loyal to their profession at every cost, and then the studios will be loyal to them.*

The picture was saved, but Sarah's beauty was gone forever. When she left the hospital six months later, an order went out that Sarah was to have first call on every job possible. For twenty years, the Universal casting office has respected that order. As she was loyal to Hollywood, Hollywood has been loyal to Sarah Schwartz, the unsung glamour girl of the movies.

This story illustrates just one of many unwritten laws of the film industry. Any girl who has tasted a little of the success and disillusionment that every rising star experiences learns to recognize these laws and, if she is wise, to respect them. Because she is so typical of the many who today are on the road to film glory, I asked Joy Hodges how the code of the industry affects its many workers.

Joy started learning before she ever set foot in a studio. "I was singing at the Beverly Wilshire with a dance orchestra," she recalls. "It was my first trip to Hollywood. Nightly I saw Norma Shearer, Charles Chaplin, Bob Montgomery, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young. I was dazzled by the experience; my very proximity to the great; but they scarcely knew I existed. So far as they were concerned, I was simply a nonentity hired to entertain them.

"One evening a once-famous singer appeared as guest artist in what was to be the first appearance of a triumphal return to the stage. I heard that girl, who had probably been the greatest in her line not long before, deliver one of the worst performances I've ever witnessed. Just watching the poor thing embarrassed me.

"When it was over she went down to greet old friends in the audience. Wherever she went, I heard people praising her performance. The moment her back was turned on such a group, the same people would condemn her. Their criticisms were of the most vicious sort.

"I was appalled. Such cruelty was a revelation. But it taught me a lesson I shall never forget: Disregard flattery. *Never take bouquets too seriously, but watch for the*



Connie Bennett has returned to work in as chastened a mood as a million dollars can ever feel.

When Bob Taylor was nobody, he made a wish and then it came true.



brickbats. They are the true gauge of a career. That rule can be applied to anyone in the movies. It isn't that people are deliberately unkind, but effusiveness seems to be a common characteristic. It doesn't mean a darn thing!"

Joy learned lesson number two of the code when studio scouts signed her to a six months' contract at RKO. In her own words: "I expected to go places then, even though I felt that more experience would be desirable before tackling the movies. As is always the case, the moment I signed I was deluged with invitations from strangers and people who had formerly ignored me. I was given a tremendous build-up by the publicity department, as are most beginners, and became known as the 'career insurance girl' when the studio insured my career with Lloyd's of London for $150,000. But during the six months I was on the lot, I never appeared in a single picture! Then my contract was allowed to lapse. There you have the law: News travels fast in Hollywood. The signing of a contract always attracts attention. But *it is work that counts.* The build-up is not important if actual work doesn't follow.

"On the same lot at that time were Harriet Hilliard, Betty Grable, Phyllis Brooks and Lucille Ball, all undergoing exactly the same experiences I was —with one exception. While I took the attitude that I would be given roles as soon as there were any suitable for me, they begged for parts, constantly reminding executives of their ambition to forge ahead. I wish I had been as smart. I wasn't, and I was the only one who remained totally ignored. Now I know that persistence is essential to the young player who hopes to progress. Those who disregard this rule generally find themselves just where I did—on the outside looking in.

"I suppose," Joy pondered, "that one of the most important of all the unwritten laws is: Avoid scandal. Scandal always affects the box-office."

And how! I thought, remembering Fatty Arbuckle, who was jinxed by scandal to the day of his death; Clara Bow, who dropped out of pictures shortly after she dropped into headlines; Mary Miles Minter, Duncan Rinaldo and countless others. Where are they now?

Mary Astor was named in one of Hollywood's most sizzling scandals; but Mary was fighting for her child. The public, realizing this, forgave her. She is the lone survivor of the scandal hoodoo.

I recalled another of Hollywood's laws, one of the most subtle and therefore one which is seldom recognized outside the industry: *Never Reveal What goes on Behind the Scenes.* This law ties in with that old Jonah of scandal, since too frank revelations can result in the latter. Such cases as the William Desmond Taylor shooting and the untimely deaths of lovely Thelma Todd and Paul Bern are always cloaked in a shroud of mystery, even when the police decide on suicide verdicts, as in the Bern and Todd cases. It is almost invariably suspected that someone, somewhere in the industry might shed light on these tragedies. Surely, somebody knows something about them. But Hollywood does not talk!

This thought was percolating through what I boastingly call my brain when Joy interrupted. "There is," she said emphatically, "the rule of courtesy to the press, a very important one. Even though my term at RKO yielded no acting experience, the publicity I received helped to launch me later on. Almost all film people are agreed that there can be no greater aid to future success than a friendly press."

Aha! thought I. *Play ball with the press!* Ain't *that* the truth? The studios got along beautifully—simply su-well—for months without Connie Bennett and Margaret Sullavan. Both are back at work now and, according to their representatives, "simply dee-lighted to grant interviews, Madam Writer! Katharine Hepburn and Marlene Dietrich got away with insulting the press for a while, but they finally managed to insult themselves right out of fat contracts. When you, Miss Blotz, come to Hollywood to break into the movies, Play Ball With The Press!

"We have a saying in the studios," Joy continued, "that goes: *'Never minimize anyone's capabilities* or *importance.'* You never know what obscure person will be at the top tomorrow. For example, one evening I heard a $35.00 per week bit player named Bob Taylor remark that he needed just three things to make him happy; a house on a hill, a horse, and a salary of $200.00 a week. That sounded laughable from this boy, who was just finishing a very small part in 'Society Doctor,' but his listeners were impressed by his earnestness. When 'Society Doctor' was released, Bob's rise was meteoric. The studio gave him a substantial bonus. He became their number one star. It happened literally overnight. His first act was to rent a house on a hill that included a horse. I'm proud that Bob and I are friends today."

Stars who do minimize the importance of their fellow workers soon discover to their regret that a clever director can direct even the greatest star right out of a picture. He can throw closeups to other players, order lines spoken with backs to cameras and focus cameras on other players while the stars are emoting. A cameraman can photograph the stars poorly; a juicer light them improperly; a sound man distort voices. Naughty little stars can find themselves extremely unattractive!

Temperament was once considered an asset on the screen. "No more today," says Joy. "Temperament is too expensive; it delays production and causes confusion. I don't believe it pays to be temperamental."

Such as, I wondered, Simone Simon, Lee Tracy, Marlene Dietrich and half a dozen others, who might [*Continued on page* 61]

Home Along the Gadgets

The Stars May Be Screen Typed But Their Homes Can Boast Many Unique Features.

By

Rowena Devine



Ray Milland in his den. The bar supplies the animals!

WANT to peek inside a movie star's home? I thought so! For every fan from Chicago to China is interested in knowing just how the "movie half" lives. The best that most Hollywood tourists can achieve is a glimpse of an imposing mansion sheltered by trees, while a movie guide bawls out the name of the star whose presence graces this far-from-humble abode. But I've gathered some material for you about the inside of these homes of the great and have even gone a-visiting some of the stars to give you first hand information on just what sort of surroundings your movie favorite picks when she selects "home sweet home."

You can always expect the unusual from Hollywood—and the movie homes are no exception. Stars seem to have a passion for gadgets around the house and few are the movie mansions that haven't a trick door, musical table or some other invention of a brainstormer tucked away somewhere. Tucked away is the wrong phrase. Decidedly. Many a star will show you his latest gadget before he does his precious antique furniture. It's the little boy in him!

Soda fountains instead of bars are the latest fashion in stars' cocktail rooms. Ginger Rogers has a ducky one and so has Joe E. Brown, while Jane Bryan has a soda fountain installed in her private apartment.

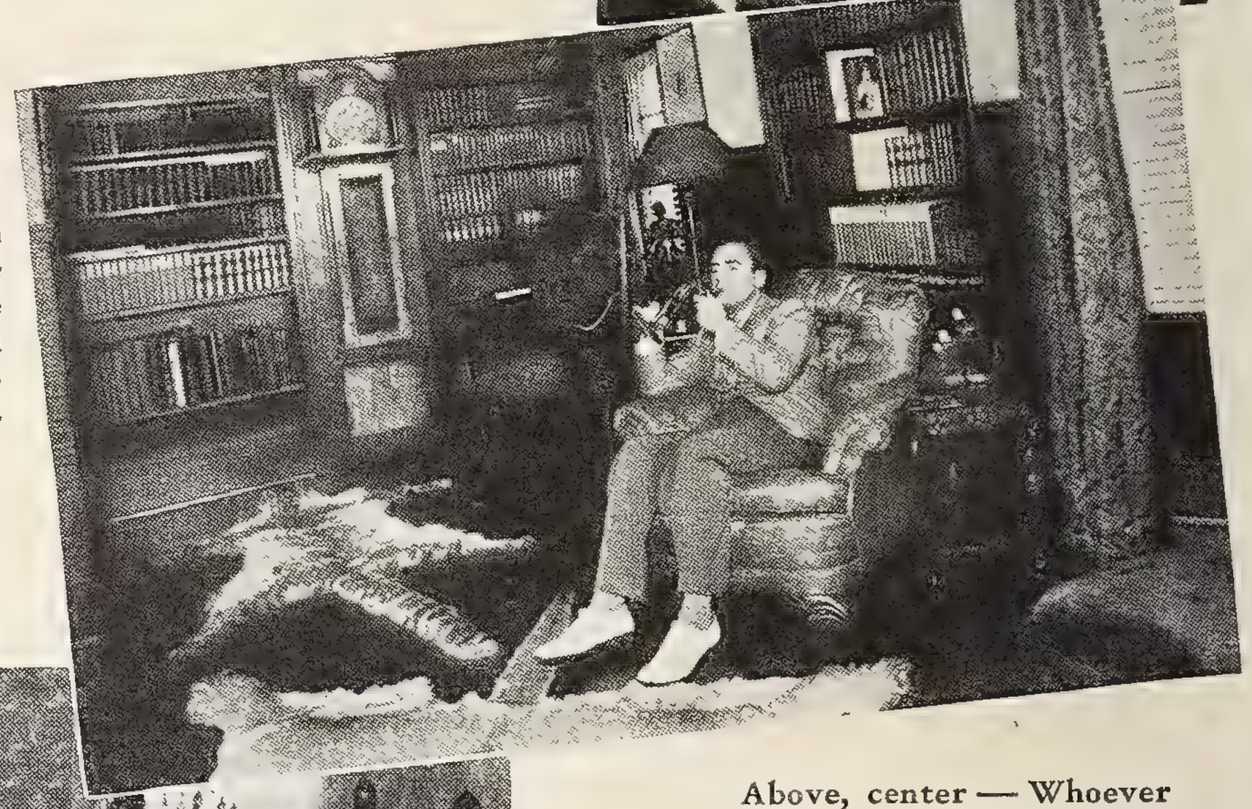
Melville Cooper has no faucets in the bathroom of his home. The water in the wash bowl is automatically turned on when Cooper steps into the path of a light from photo electric cells. Tricky?

Kay Francis has a radio in every room of her new home so guests and members of her household can tune in their favorite programs. What a lot of family squabbles would be avoided if every family could afford that luxury! Shirley Ross is another radio salesman's favorite. She has eight radios in her Hollywood Hills home. There's also a loud speaker connection for the back garden.

Cecil B. DeMille has installed a radio transmitter in his Hollywood home so that when he is at sea aboard his yacht, the Seaward, he can keep in constant touch with his family.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell adore home gadgets and have a large assortment of them. They imported a cuckoo clock from Switzerland which recites a nursery rhyme every half [*Continued on page* 70]





Pat O'Brien has big game trophies. He bagged them at the neighboring auction room.



Above, center — Whoever thought of having a pool right in the house? Hugh Herbert did! In the poolroom, of course.

The bedroom in the home of the Dick Powells is wired for sound. Their baby has a little broadcasting network all his own.

We Point With Pride



TO Deanna Durbin

SHE has made only a few pictures, but in each of them her gift of song has won the admiration of every one. Deanna's success is due equally to the charm of her youth and wholesomeness.

The coming years give promise of happy days for the singing star and also for her loyal public.

The STAG
A DULL

Sonja Henie tops them all. The others are just stars, but Sonja is also a World's Champion. That's something.

Rosalind Russell—starts anyone's week right.

Cesar Romero is the best dancer of the Star Escorts.

The Highest Ba
Average—Lor
Young. Her
kilowatt smile is
any evening

They Have The Pick Of The Pretties.

MUCH to the annoyance of all the gals those most desirable young men, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, and Cary Grant, continue to be entirely absorbed by Barbara Stanwyck, Carole Lombard and Phyllis Brooks. But the other young leading men are dividing themselves around more generously. Jimmy Stewart goes with Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, and Sonja Henie. Cesar Romero takes out Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell, Ethel Merman, Ginger Rogers and Sonja Henie. The most avid get-arounder is David Niven who has been out lately with Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Wendy Barrie, Marjorie Weaver and Olivia de Havilland.

As far as Nelson Eddy and Tyrone Power are concerned, it seems to be every girl for herself. Fortunately for the girls there are three young eligibles back in circulation: Franchot Tone, Jack Oakie and Johnny Weissmuller.

VITH NEVER
IOMENT



When prettier gals are made the O'Briens will make them—that's Merle Oberon's real name.

The First Lady of Pictures (on the screen and off as well), Norma Shearer has taken up the gay pattern of Hollywood life again.

James Stewart, on his Ginger Rogers night, picks up a few steps.

England there
re Royal doings
nd there David
liven acquired
ne grand man-
er. His every
ompanion feels
ike a duchess.

In "Trade Winds," Fredric March and Joan Bennett are pursuer and pursued. With them you dash off to half a dozen countries of the Orient. Through this picture there pulses the heart-beat of high adventure. Listen for it.

Left—Rudyard Kipling felt the manliness of Gunga Din, and Director George Stevens has made a picture to tell again the story of the crude native who was "a better man. . . ." Scene still shows British Lancers recruited from the natives.

OUR Christmas Presents *from the MOVIES*

No Admission Ticket Could Possibly Pay For The Priceless Gifts That Some Pictures Lavish Upon You.

OUT of the fullness of an actor's experience, his depth of soul and his seasoned intelligence the artist GIVES. Millions will see him play a part, carry on the plot and shape his role into the personality of a real person. And, among all these spectators, there will be some who will sense in the sincerity or gayety of his performance the message woven through the words and gestures, as a gold thread is glimpsed in a patterned tapestry.

Only the discerning few feel the poetic note but it comes to them as the note of a higher octave in the harmonics of a full musical tone comes to a musician's ear.

These exquisite gifts are the presents to you from the artists of the screen.



One of the delights of the movies is the ease with which our screen characters flit about. With Jack Benny in "Artists and Models Abroad" we are free at last from Aunt Prudence and our daily grind, and life is carefree and gay. A nice present from Jack Benny.



"Kentucky" promises to be an important picture. In this scene Karen Morley, Russell Hicks and Douglas Dumbrille give us a full measure of the war that was fought for a principle. The veterans of 1865 have gone, but because of this picture we will understand them better.





Priscilla Lane, Chêer Leader, majors in Mob Psychology.

In Hollywood College, the study of aviation is fascinating—you start with a pretty girl and a beach! John Payne and Olivia de Havilland in "Wings of the Navy."

Below—Home Economics, a popular course Bob Hope and Shirley Ross in "Thanks for the Memory."



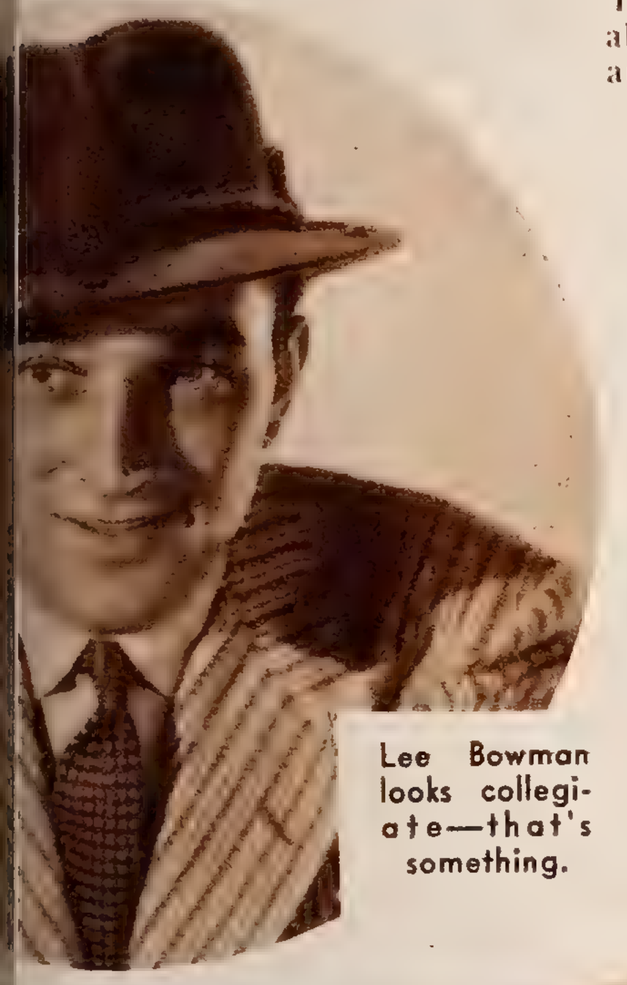


Harold Huber and Allen Jenkins in "Going Places" with the speed of a glacier. Wouldn't you give them a lift even if you had to go in both directions?

LIKE GOING TO COLLEGE

Only They Learn More In Hollywood!

AND the students never graduate! But in many respects the City of Sets and Sound Stages is like a University. They do football games for Fall release, rowing races for early June and cheer lustily for dear old Yowl. The college life shown on the screen is about all that most people in the audience get of Alma Mamma.



Lee Bowman looks collegiate—that's something.



Ellen Drew introduces a new Varsity style—semi-tailored suits.



Lloyd Nolan teaches the world Gangsterism.



Football on the Hollywood squad. Robert Cummings and Mary Carlisle in "Touchdown Army."



The

"*BIG*" PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

"SUBMARINE PATROL"

Nancy Kelly
Richard Greene

SILVER SCREEN'S
MASTERPIECE SERIES



The "Splinter Fleet" puts to sea.

LOOK

A

By Wearing "Period" Clothes That Reflect Romance.

THERE isn't a girl in th world who, at one tim or another, has not en vied the "girls on the mag zine covers." And this yea with so many extravagant lovely historical styles t draw upon she can have he wish gratified—if she choose wisely from designs of th period that flatter her mos . . . And then, what is mo important, has these desig modified so that they blen in with the hectic activity o life as it is enjoyed toda



Lovely Jean Parker tips a purple velvet hat trimmed with a shaded open-petaled rose over one eye to complement her fringed purple crepe cocktail gown. Her short jacket is of Baum Marten and her long gloves of soft mauve doeskin.

A striking afternoon, or informal dinner suit, of bottle-green velvet gives Jean the effect of having just stepped out of that picture frame. The coat fits like a basque and a multicolored necklace and brooch are worn around the straight little collar. The sleeves are leg-o'-mutton and the snug coat back has a peplum that ripples as gracefully as the skirt cut with the new back fullness. A smart off-the-forehead matching velvet "toque" trimmed with a golden ostrich plume adds definite charm to this costume.



...IKE

Portrait

Paulette's black wool "dressmaker suit" has a decided Mexican influence, with its silver buttons and chains on belt and sleeves, and enormous silver bracelets used as cuffs. Her tiny knitted wool pill box is swathed in fishnet, tying under the chin.

...us velvet in a delicate ca-
...yellow is used for this figure
...ng formal gown by dark-
...d Paulette Goddard. The
...n skirt is slit almost to the
... and the sveltly draped bod-
... is minus shoulder straps.



...ack velvet aft-
...on ensemble is
... even lovelier
...aulette when
...ined with lav-
...oldbead trim-
... The coat has
...d shoulders
... the popular
...ped-in waist.

On December Screens

Scene Stills From Films Soon To Be Shown In Your Neighborhood.

(Continued on following pages)

YOU will see the same pictures that your distant cousins will see even though they are in another state or on the shore of a different ocean. And because pictures do exert an influence on our lives there will be waves of sentiment and laughter sweeping over us to make us all a little merrier.



Penny Singleton in "Blondie," a character that was born in a comic strip.



A serial for a weekly thrill, "Hawk of the Wilderness."



James Ellison and Lucille Ball in "Trailer Romance." The open road is the highway to adventure and romance. Your car takes you out of your rut and over the horizon.



"This'll Make You Whistle" is an English picture with Jean Gillie and Jack Buchanan.

Herman Brix as Tioga

Below—Paulette Goddard, Luise Rainer and Anthony Allen in "Dramatic School."

Left—Walter Kingsford, Holmes Herbert, Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna and Janet Beecher in "Say It In French." Comedy is international.

Jed Prouty is a cup collector now that the Jones Family is in "Down on the Farm."

Edmund Lowe sits up and takes notice of Helen Mack in "West Side Miracle."

In "Gangster's Boy," Jackie Cooper pays the penalty of an evil reputation. Robert Warwick is the father and former gangster.





Anita Louise and Dick Powell in "Going Places." (Seems to be a two-legged horse.)



In "Topper Takes a Trip," Billie Burke, Alexander D'Arcy and Verree Teasdale taste the pleasure of the deep.



In "His Exciting Night," Charlie Ruggles ups and marries the heiress (Ona Munson) and they get their pictures in the paper.

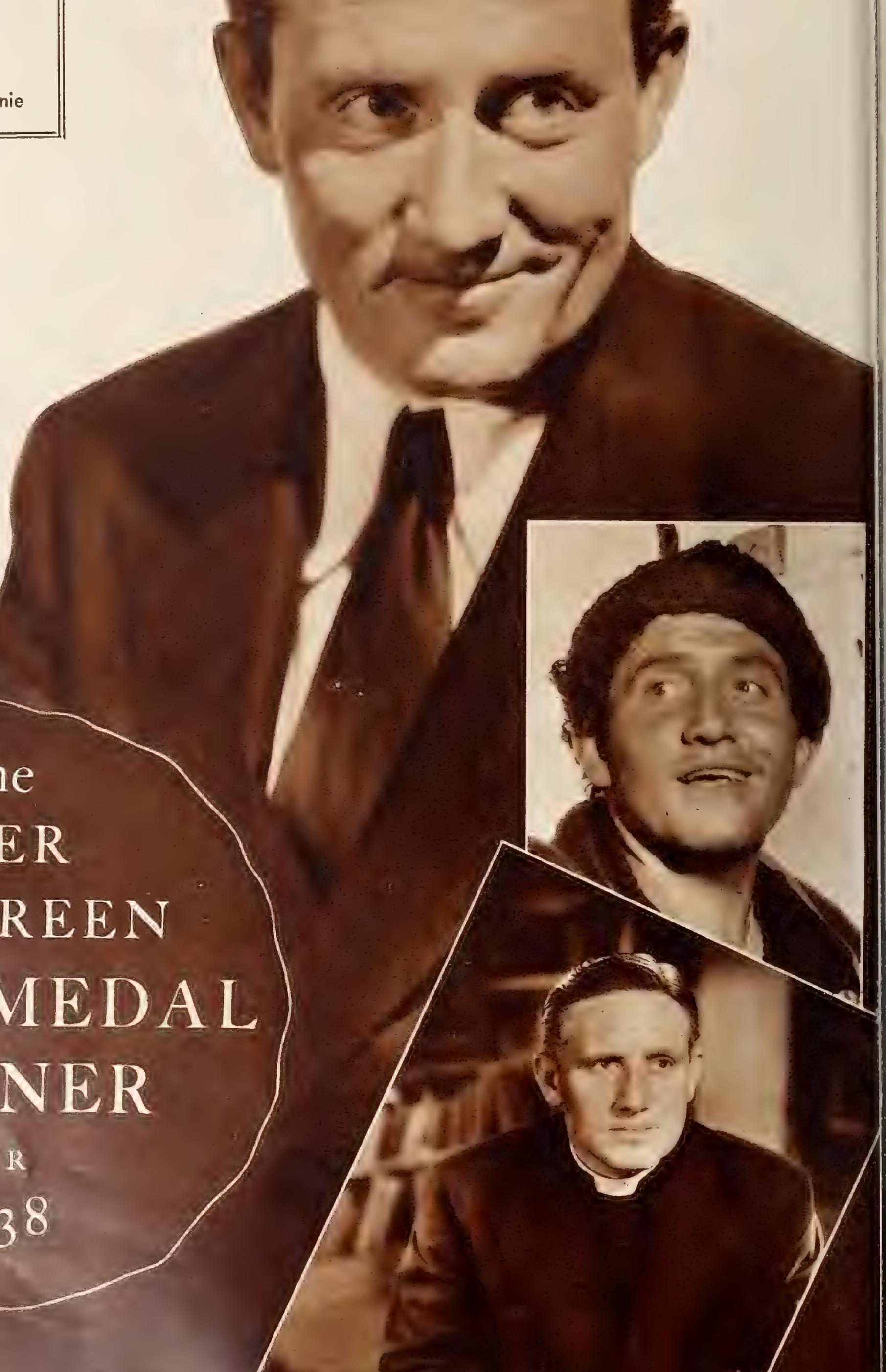
Errol Flynn in "Dawn Patrol." The aviation cycle is sure to be popular.

THE FOLLOWING PLAYERS RECEIVED HONORABLE MENTION

Nelson Eddy
Deanna Durbin
Robert Taylor
Alice Faye
Tyrone Power
Don Ameche
Clark Gable
Myrna Loy
Sonja Henie

SPENCER TRACY

THE readers of SILVER SCREEN voted Spencer Tracy the Most Popular Player during the past year. The medal is now being made and will be presented to him as soon as it is ready. Two of his best remembered character roles are illustrated: Top—As Manuel in "Captains Courageous" (for which he received the Academy Award). Below—As Father Flanagan in "Boys' Town," his most recent success.



The SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL WINNER FOR 1938

John Payne Inherited Talent And Nature Gave Him A Wrestler's Strength. He Has Already Won Two Falls In Hollywood.

Living Up To His Name

By Julia Gwin



John and his pretty wife, Anne Shirley.

With Olivia de Havilland in "Wings of the Navy."

I WENT to see "Garden of the Moon" recently with a critic who is supposed to know all the great and near great on and off the stage, in and out of pictures, socially, politically, financially and so on far into the night. We arrived during a scene when John Payne, minus pants and singing lustily, discovers a lady has walked into his room.

"Who," said the critic, "is that boy?"

"That," I replied, "is John Payne."

"Never saw him before. How do you know?"

"Neither have I but it couldn't be anyone else. It's the only new name in this picture."

"Lady," said the critic, sliding down into his seat with an air of deep satisfaction, "I think we've got something here."

So, a week later when John Payne arrived in New York with Anne Shirley, his wife, for a vacation, I decided to find out for myself. Over coffee at nine-thirty in the morning, the earliest hour a celebrity on leave in New York has ever before offered to see me, I began to find out if we really did have "something here."

Contradictorily, Payne seems larger off the screen than on. His hair is wavy and a very dark brown, his eyes are blue and he has a simple direct charm, the result of his background, which has not suffered by his overnight hit in the picture Dick Powell turned down. He still talks about *if* he makes good in pictures, as though it were not a foregone concluison that he has already arrived—in one picture. For that's all he's really done, and anything that went before doesn't count. Cinderella stories are still being written once in a while.

"I don't believe in putting all my eggs in one basket," he said in a quiet, mature, well modulated voice. "I hope I may never get to the point where I am utterly dependent on one thing or one person for my happiness. You see, I'm a happy sort of guy and I like to live in that kind of atmosphere. I want security and the things which money can buy; I love the feeling after I have finished a picture of just lying in bed and having my breakfast brought to me; I love to have the time to lie in the sun soaking up dreams and a suntan but I refuse to accept these things as concrete or as the evidence of success bought at the cost of my own soul. I am selfish enough not to want to be hurt or to hurt myself by banking too strongly on one thing for my future. If I don't make a go of this job I should like to try my hand at making adaptations for the screen."

And then it came out. John had not meant to be an actor. He is a descendant of John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and his mother is Ida Schaeffer, a former Metropolitan Opera singer. With this heritage it is only natural that music, drama and writing should be the things which would occupy his thoughts.

During the early years when he was receiving his preliminary education in and around Roanoke, Virginia, where he was born one bright May morning about 25 years ago, he did quite a lot of writing. He turned out short stories and poems by the yard but he admits none of the stuff, except an occasional poem, was ever good enough to be published. Then he received a two year partial scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music in New York and Juilliard is like that critic, they must believe you've "got something" before they hand you a scholarship. A full scholarship at the school would have meant a good 24 hour a day grind and, even though he had a voice, played the piano and wrote some music he intended using music only as a stepping stone to the writing he wanted to do. It was this same reason which prompted him to seek a job as an actor; he felt it would help him to understand people and why they tick.

He didn't do much about the scholarship but he did study play writing under Thatcher Hughes at Columbia University and he also studied drama and short story writing while there.

His first acting job was in summer stock in Roxbury, Massachusetts. He was so good that, believe it or not, Roxbury arranged a scholarship for him at the Victoria Theatre in London, England, in Shakespearean repertory. But John lacked the capital to keep himself alive while enjoying free tuition.

Up until five years ago, when he came from Roanoke to New York for the first time, he had never been North of the Mason and Dixon line. When he traveled it always seemed to be South. And yet, he has no Southern accent. [*Continued on page* 73]





"Dark Victory." Bette Davis and George Brent are the principals.

Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas in "There's That Woman Again," a comedy of Marriage.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

The Studios Are Active And The Divine Fire Of Genius Is Blazing Here Aud There. Warming The Soul Of—

S. R. Mook

IT'S a quiet—I almost said "dull"—month as little Rollo sets out on his monthly pilgrimage around the studios. We'll start with—

Paramount

THE only picture here that I haven't already told you about is "Ambush" (tentative title) starring Gladys Swarthout (and I wonder what became of the wisenheimers who said she'd never make another picture).

Heretofore I have always smirked and sneered when the sophisticated critics cast aspersions on the methods of the movie makers but this opus justifies them. Miss Swarthout, possessed of one of the finest voices in America, does little singing. Ernest Truex, one of the finest comedians on the stage, plays a gangster as does the baby-faced William Henry. And Lloyd Nolan, heretofore one of the movie's bad men, plays the noble hero.

"It would seem" Gladys is secretary in a Southern California bank. It is robbed in broad daylight and the only clue is an abandoned truck on which Henry (brother of Gladys) has been working. Realizing he's involved in the robbery (women have such suspicious minds) she goes to Hank and tries to make him surrender. Instead, she is trapped by other members of the gang (who said "Beneath that rough exterior beats a heart of gold"?). They wound Hank and force Gentle Gladys to go out in search of a truck and a driver who will be able to show credentials to highway patrolmen.

She finds such a one in the person of Lloyd Nolan. He's an independent trucker starting for Chicago (movie-makers apparently never heard of Milwaukee and St. Louis, which are only a couple of hours or so away from Chicago, and both of them were making beer before Southern California was ever heard of.) The Movie Makers have to send Southern California beer (and if there is worse on the face of the earth, may the Lord help beer drinkers) all over the country, the way they do fruit and sunshine . . . and movies.

She gives Lloyd a hard luck story and he agrees to give her a lift. But when he calls for her (imagine a truck driver calling at a strange hitch-hiker's place to pick her up! *That's* what you call Optimism), there is the gang and they take charge of Lloyd and his truck.

The dialogue is about in keeping with the plot of this picture. Do you want the words as well as the music or are you willing to let the dead past bury its dead and jog on down the street with me to—

R-K-O

ONLY one picture going here—"Love Affair" starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Two others start tomorrow—"The Pure in Mind" starring Anne Shirley, and "The Great Man Votes" starring John Barrymore. I'll tell you about those next month. Let's get back to "Love Affair."

Irene and Charles meet aboard an ocean liner bound for the United States (of all places!). She is returning to marry her boss and he to wed a wealthy American girl. They fall in love, decide to break their engagements, return to their careers and meet again in six months, at which time they will know if this is the real thing or just infatuation. Irene goes back to singing in a night club and Charlie returns to his painting—with some measure of success. Just before the planned date of their reunion, Irene has an accident and learns she'll be crippled. So, noble-hearted, she doesn't keep the date and Charlie thinks she has lost interest. So he starts on the downward path. About the time he reaches bottom he receives a package. He and Irene had seen his grandmother for a short time when their boat anchored at Madeira. Irene had admired a shawl Gramma was wearing and the old lady promised that, upon her death, it would be sent to them. So Charlie starts a search for Irene (who wouldn't!). This is how some of it goes—

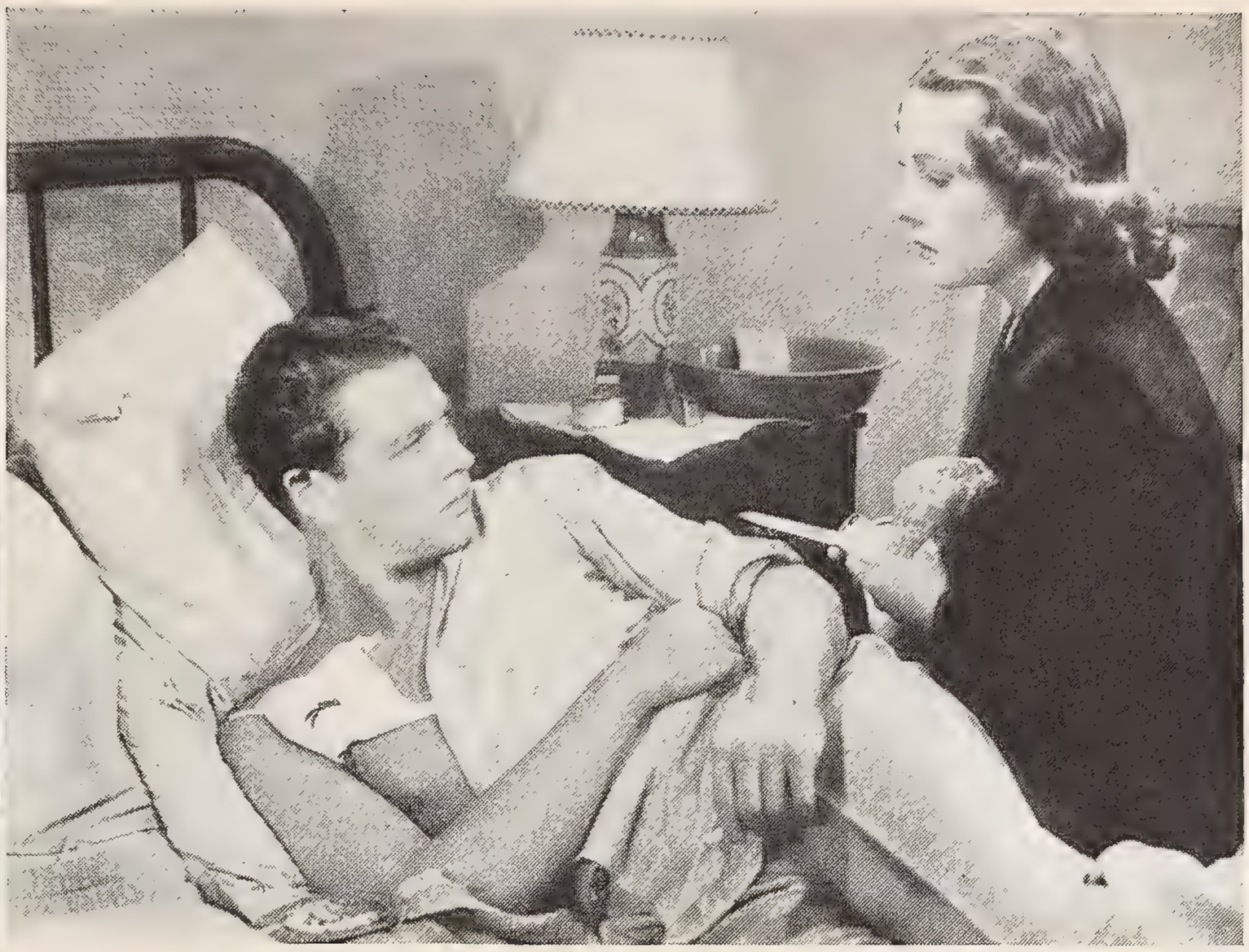
"Now, what's your trouble?" Irene asks, quite casually and being very businesslike about the whole thing.

"First—your name," Charles counters.

"Terry McKay," Irene admits.

"No, no—your maiden name," he per-





William Henry and Gladys Swarthout in "Ambush." (The title may be changed.)

sists with that devastating look of his.

"Terry McKay," she insists, "and I'm traveling alone. Was that, by any chance what was troubling you?"

"Yes!" he shouts. "All my life I've been looking for a good woman."

"Oh!" she breathes, "then you really *are* in trouble." He nods. "You've known quite a few women, too—" He nods again. "And, after all your experience, you haven't much respect for them?" He shakes his head. "Have you ever given a woman a fair chance?"

"I have been more than fair," he protests. "That's my trouble. Every woman.



Billy Halop and Joe Sawyer in "Crime Is A Racket."

I've put her up there!" holding his right hand high. "But the longer I know her (his hand begins to drop)—the *better* I know her (the hand drops lower). And the better I know her (the hand drops to his side—but the left hand is held up high).

"What's up there?" Irene queries, "the Lady of the Lake?"

"No!" he whispers, "that's YOU!"

Now wasn't that touching? But somehow it all seems very unimportant. Tomorrow I'm going to Memphis. Memphis is the home of Southwestern College. Southwestern has a football player named Gaylon Smith. Mr. Smith is in there pitching (forward passing to you) and kicking every minute of every game. He doesn't bother about smart cracks and he doesn't bother about make-up. He bothers about getting that ball across the goal line. And, somehow, at the moment, Mr. Smith's activities seem to me to be much more important—much more real—than do those of Miss Dunne and Mr. Boyer—even though this gives promise of being a very swell picture.

The shortest line between two given points—ha! 'twould seem I'm back in College with Mr. Smith—

Well, anyhow, the shortest line from RKO is to—

Columbia

HERE again we have only one picture shooting. It's called "There's That Woman Again" and it's a sequel to "There's Always A Woman." Joan Blondell not being quite free of her Warner Brothers contract, and, consequently, unable to return to Columbia for the sequel, her part is being taken by Virginia Bruce. Now, mind you, Virginia has no stauncher rooter than I. I was plugging for Virginia in the days when she was a Paramount stock player—before she had ever gone to New York—before she had ever been in the Ziegfeld Follies. BUT! Virginia and Joan are not the same type. (Somehow although I have little reporting to do this month, everything seems to be going wrong—everything seems to be amiss). Well, anyhow, there's nothing I can do about it except call attention to the fact when it's too late.

This is the very first scene in the picture. Ginnie and Mr. Melvyn Douglas (that Man's here again, too!) are asleep—in twin beds, if you're interested. Mr. D. had evidently shed his clothes the minute he came in the bedroom door because they are scattered all over the floor. However well they get along in front of the camera, I'm sure in their private lives, when the camera and microphone aren't focused on them, they must get along like a couple of strange bulldogs because Virginia is the soul of neatness and I know she wouldn't stand for that sort of thing. Be that as it may, here is the bright sunlight streaming through the window to tell us it's morning. As if that isn't enough, an alarm clock goes off and its hands show 8:30. Virginia wakens, yawns and shuts off the alarm. Then she sits up in bed and contemplates her finger. A ribbon tied in a bow causes her to scowl a moment in thought. She shakes her head negatively. She has forgotten what it is supposed to make her remember. So she reaches over and nudges Mr. D.

"Hey, Bill, do you know what I was supposed to remember?" Her only answer is a gurgling snore. She nudges him again. "How about telling your trusting little wife where you were until three o'clock in the morning?"

There! I knew it. Down in my heart I knew women were all alike but, somehow, I thought—I hoped, I mean—that Virginia was different. But, no.

She nudges Melvyn again and this time he mumbles a little incoherently: "Waiter! The check!"

That gets her. "What check? Whose check? Where were you?" she screams.

So Mel half opens one eye, closes it, grunts and is asleep again. But Virginia is not to be denied. "Answer me, Bill Reardon!" she insists. "Where were you until three o'clock?" But, as Mel's only answer is another snore she has to start surmising. "You were out with a woman!"

"Uh-huh," he admits sleepily.

"You took her to a night club," Virginia accuses.

"Uh-huh."

"You danced with her!"

"Uh-huh."

"You jitterbug!" Virginia yells contemptuously. Then her lip trembles a little. "You made love to her?" This time Mel just nods. "Then you—you took her home?" He gives a half nod. This time Virginia is almost afraid to ask but no one can ever accuse her of shirking a wife's duties—and prerogatives. She goes through with it. "And—then—what happened?"

"I married her and we lived happily ever



Scene from "Little Tough Guys In Society." Edward Everett Horton, Mischa Auer, Mary Boland and Frankie Thomas.

Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Love Affair," their first picture together.

after!" He shouts, sitting up in bed with surprising briskness and grabbing the relieved Virginia in his arms.

This is not only the first scene in the picture, it is also the first day of shooting and it is likewise Virginia's birthday. And just as the scene is finished a cart is wheeled on to the set with a big cake on it with "Happy Birthday, Virginia" spelled out in icing. "You must stay and have a piece of birthday cake," she urges but I don't feel much like birthday cake at 10.00 o'clock in the morning so I tell her I'll be back later and off I go to—

Universal

WE LIKEWISE find only one picture shooting out here, but it should be a pip. It's called "Little Tough Guys in Society," although you can bet your chances of a seat in heaven to a plugged nickel the title will be changed. At the head of the cast are Mary Boland, Mischa Auer, Edward Everett Horton and Jackie Searl, who is one of the very best of the kid actors. There are also the six little tough guys—Frankie Thomas, David Gorcey (a brother of Leo "Spit" Gorcey, one of the "Dead End" kids), Harris Berger, William Benedict, Hally Chester and Charles Duncan.

Jackie is the spoiled son of rich Mary Boland. He is cynical and sophisticated far beyond his years. And he has a perfect solution for the complexities of modern life. He simply spends the whole day in bed, where life can't touch him. Mischa is a cracked psychiatrist and when Mary calls him in to diagnose Jackie, he says Jackie is a sad example of over-privileged youth. As an antidote, to establish normal balance, he prescribes association with a group of under-privileged boys. So Mary phoned an east-side settlement house to invite "under-privileged" youths for a month's visit and just as she is in the midst of entertaining at a garden party, a truck drives up and the six little tough guys pile out.

"Lafayette, here we come!' Mr. Gorcey bellows as he tumbled out.

"Hi-ya folks?" Mr. Berger greets the guests.

"Nice place you got here," Mr. Benedict remarks, casting an appraising eye over the grounds. "Looks like a park."

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" Mr. Eddie Horton, the butler, demands, as he bustles up seething with rage.

"Look!" chortles Mr. Benedict, taking in Mr. Horton's frock coat. "They keep their own undertaker on the place."

"Aw, he ain't an undertaker, he's a waiter!" Mr. Chester explains contemptuously.

And that's where the fun begins. The sad part of it is that I can't wait to see the fun because it's going to last three or four weeks while the picture is shooting. But I'll be having fun in my own quiet way, provided I first get out to—

Warner Brothers

and see what's doing there. There's plenty doing. Bette Davis and George Brent in "Dark Victory," Gale Page and Humphrey Bogart in "Crime Is a Racket" and "Secret Service of the Air"—the first of a series starring Ronald Reagan.

Let's start with Bette and I can't imagine



"Thanks For Everything." Jack Oakie, Binnie Barnes, Adolphe Menjou, Arleen Whalen and Jack Haley.



Shirley Temple in the character of "The Little Princess."



Alice Faye and Constance Bennett fight, slap, punch and wrestle for "Tail-spin."

anything nicer than starting with Bette and, for my own part, I'd be perfectly satisfied to finish up with Bette, too. (You see, Bette, how easy I make things for you? You don't even have to wait for Leap Year).

For the first time in years she plays the part of a rich girl in a modern era. She belongs to a wealthy Long Island set which plays hard—but clean. Their credo is the thoroughbred and his courage. While the sands of life run against her in this picture, the films may never focus on a more gallant figure than Bette as Julie Traherne. When the story opens a shadow of illness has fallen upon her but it is something she brushes aside until her friends force her to consult Dr. Frederick Steele (George Brent).

He quickly diagnoses her case, without letting her know, but she doesn't like the questions he has asked and the answers he has supplied.

"I'm sorry to have wasted so much of your time," she says frigidly as she starts for the door, "but this is my last interview with doctors."

"That's right," he needles her. "Run away because you're frightened."

"That isn't true," she blazes, whirling on him.

"Oh, yes it is," he retorts. "That's why you held certain things back from Dr. Parons. You were afraid to admit them. You didn't tell him you've been having these headaches for months—but you have—and they've been getting worse lately, until now you're never free of them. And your eyes have been cutting up, too—just as though someone were shutting a pair of folding doors, until your vision is almost cut in half. You pretended it was imagination, but it isn't. Then that queer, dull feeling in your right arm. You couldn't laugh that off. I'll tell you how you got those burns—a cigarette! It burned your fingers and you never felt it because your tactile nerves are paralyzed. Your memory is all shot to pieces. You can't concentrate. Look at your bridge scores!"

Ha, Dr. Brent, you should look at *mine!*

"It's a lie!" Bette fumes. "I'm well! Why do you bully me like this?"

"Cut!" calls Director Edmund Goulding. So I draw a breath and look around. There is a huge basket of flowers which Bette sent Mr. Goulding at the start of the picture. And that is just another indication of Bette's character. Upset as she is over her separation from her husband, she still thinks of others and makes gestures like that!

"Hi, son," she greets me. "If you're still around when we knock off for the day, drop over to my dressing room and have a cocktail. You should feel at home there. I've just moved into the one your frieind Kay Francis used to have."

"I'll be there if I have to miss my train," I promise. And then I get a load of Mr. Brent. For the first time in a couple of years he's wearing a mustache. "Ah, the Gable influence," I jibe him.

But George only grins. "It does look kind of scrubby, doesn't it?"

Well, there's no fun needling people who spike your guns so I meander on to another stage and it happens to be the one where "Crime Is A Racket" is shooting. I forgot to mention that Billy Halop (one of the Dead End kids) is also in this picture. He plays Gale's brother. Harvey Stephens (a private patrolman, whatever *that* is) is her fiance. Billy is a promising youngster until he meets Humph, a seasoned, though small-time crook, ten or eleven years Billy's senior. Neither Gale nor Harvey is able to break up the friendship.

One night Harvey waits for Humph in Kelly's poolroom and saloon.

"Off ya' beat, ain't ya, Burke?" Humph inquires truculently.

"Yeah—this is just a little overtime job," Harvey replies, looking him over slowly.

"Ya *might* find overtime don't pay down here," Humph counters.

"That's just what I told Johnny (Billy)," Harvey retorts levelly.

"Listen, Burke," Bogart bristles, "if Johnny's lucky enough to be a friend of mine, that's *our* business. So lay off him, see?"

"I know your business, Wilson," Harvey comes back quietly. "You're a cheap, small-time crook. And some day I'm going to put you where you belong."

With that he turns and goes up the steps and I turn and go right over to where Gale is sitting on the side lines.

"Dick!" she yells. "Fancy meeting you here! Before I forget it, I'm living in the home of a friend for a month. It's one of those old mansions over in the Wilshire District and it's really something. I'm entertaining like mad this month while I have all the trimmings with which to be really elegant. You'd better drop over for dinner one night because for all I know it's the only time in my life I may ever have all the trimmings."

"You may count on me," I assure her. "In fact, you may count on me tonight because I'm leaving around eleven to be gone a month.

"How lovely!" Gale murmurs without thinking. "I mean, how lovely that you can have a month off."

All of a sudden I find myself wondering if Gale *did* say it without thinking, but I dismiss the idea with a pooh, because Gale is the one person I know who really thinks Hollywood is wonderful and who is constantly surprised because people are nice to her. She needn't be surprised because she is one of the nicest people I know. In case you don't remember, Gale was the fourth daughter in "Four Daughters"—the one who wasn't a Lane Sister (No, Lola, no dig is intended. You were all swell).

Suddenly it is 4:00 o'clock and I learn through underground sources that the Bette Davis company has already knocked off work so I amble over to the Davis dressing room where Bette helps herself to a cigarette and me to a [*Continued on page* 58]



Love that is deep as a canal. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power in "Suez."

THE CITADEL

A Brilliant Story Of An English Doctor
—*M-G-M*

NOT since "Louis Pasteur" has there been a picture to make such a profound impression. "The Citadel", adapted from the A. J. Cronin best selling novel of the same title, was made in England and is the second of the highly successful Metro pictures to be made there—"The Yank at Oxford" was the first.

The picture deals, as did the book, with an attack on the English medical association, and comes at a time when the American Medical Association is being criticised by the press.

Robert Donat, the best of the English actors, which is no faint praise, plays the young idealistic doctor who starts his career in the Welsh mining communities but finds that through ignorance, superstition and greed he cannot advance his study of tuberculosis. He goes to London where he and his wife suffer all kinds of poverty and hardship while he tries to establish a practice. Eventually he falls in with some of his former classmates, who have become "society" doctors, and he too goes in for easy money.

He is on the verge of separating from his wife, who has become too old-fashioned for him, when his one close friend dies on the operating table at the hands of one of the biggest surgeons in London. Dr. Donat knows that the operation, simple as it was, was badly bungled and that the great surgeon with his great fees is nothing less than a murderer. This brings him to his senses and once more he finds happiness in becoming an honest doctor.

Rosalind Russell, the one Hollywood person in the cast, gives a brilliant performance as the doctor's wife who is not afraid of poverty. Ralph Richardson stands out as the doctor's friend. Under the capable direction of King Vidor the picture is vigorous and realistic.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

The Shirley Temple Fans Will Eat This Up—*20th Century—Fox*

IN HER newest picture little Miss Temple —who is still Number One box-office star —plays the daughter of a young widowed architect (Charlie Farrell) who lives in the basement of the swanky Riverview Apartments and acts as the house engineer. He and Shirley once lived in the penthouse of the same building—but that was before depression set in.

Through a natural, childish misunderstanding Shirley thinks that a crochety old banker (Claude Gillingwater) is the "Uncle Sam" her father is always talking about. Her father has told her that "Uncle Sam" needs money so that he can help business conditions, and when business conditions are helped people will need architects again. Through pity for the old man Shirley sets out to be kind to him and her bungling but charming efforts gradually win him over completely. She gives a benefit for her "Uncle Sam" that is one of the high spots of the picture.

The cast is tops, with Joan Davis playing the caretaker of the apartment house dogs, Franklin Pangborn the fluttery manager, and Bert Lahr a chauffeur. Bennie Bartlett deserves special praise as the banker's smarty nephew, and son of the frantic Cora Witherspoon, too elegant for words as a Park Avenue matron.

Charlie Farrell makes his first screen appearance in a long time—he should make them much, much oftener. Bill Robinson, Shirley's ever dependable side-kick, shares two excellent tap routines with her.

BLONDIE

A Popular Comic Strip Makes Its Movie Debut—*Col.*

ONE of the most widely read comic strips in this country is "Blondie"—and so it is big news when "Blondie" suddenly becomes a movie series too. If you had looked a million years you couldn't have found a better Dagwood than Arthur Lake, a better Blondie than Penny Singleton, a better Baby Dumpling than little Larry Simms, and a better Daisy than Daisy "himself."

The first in this series, which is bound to be popular, deals with Dagwood's financial predicaments. It seems that as he and Blondie approach their fifth wedding anniversary they have paid off their final installment on the furniture, and Blondie is all ready to surprise her mate with new installments! Dagwood gets caught on the short end of a loan shark's note he has endorsed—and gets an introduction to Gene Lockhart, a big money sales prospect. Everything becomes badly involved until Blondie comes to the rescue.

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

A Two-fisted, Vigorous Picture That's Surefire Entertainment
—*Warners*

JIMMY CAGNEY returns to his old familiar role of the gangster in his latest picture, and when Jimmy plays a gangster he's well-nigh perfect. Pat O'Brien, his pal on screen and off, plays an East Side priest and, as Father Jerry, Pat is well nigh perfect himself.

The picture opens in the slums of a big city. Two boys in their teens, Rocky Sullivan and Jerry Connally (played by Frankie Burke, who not only looks like Cagney but talks like him, and William Tracey) need money to see a movie, so they break open a freight car and steal a lot of fountain pens. Rocky is caught and sent to reform school—and there begins his life as a gangster.

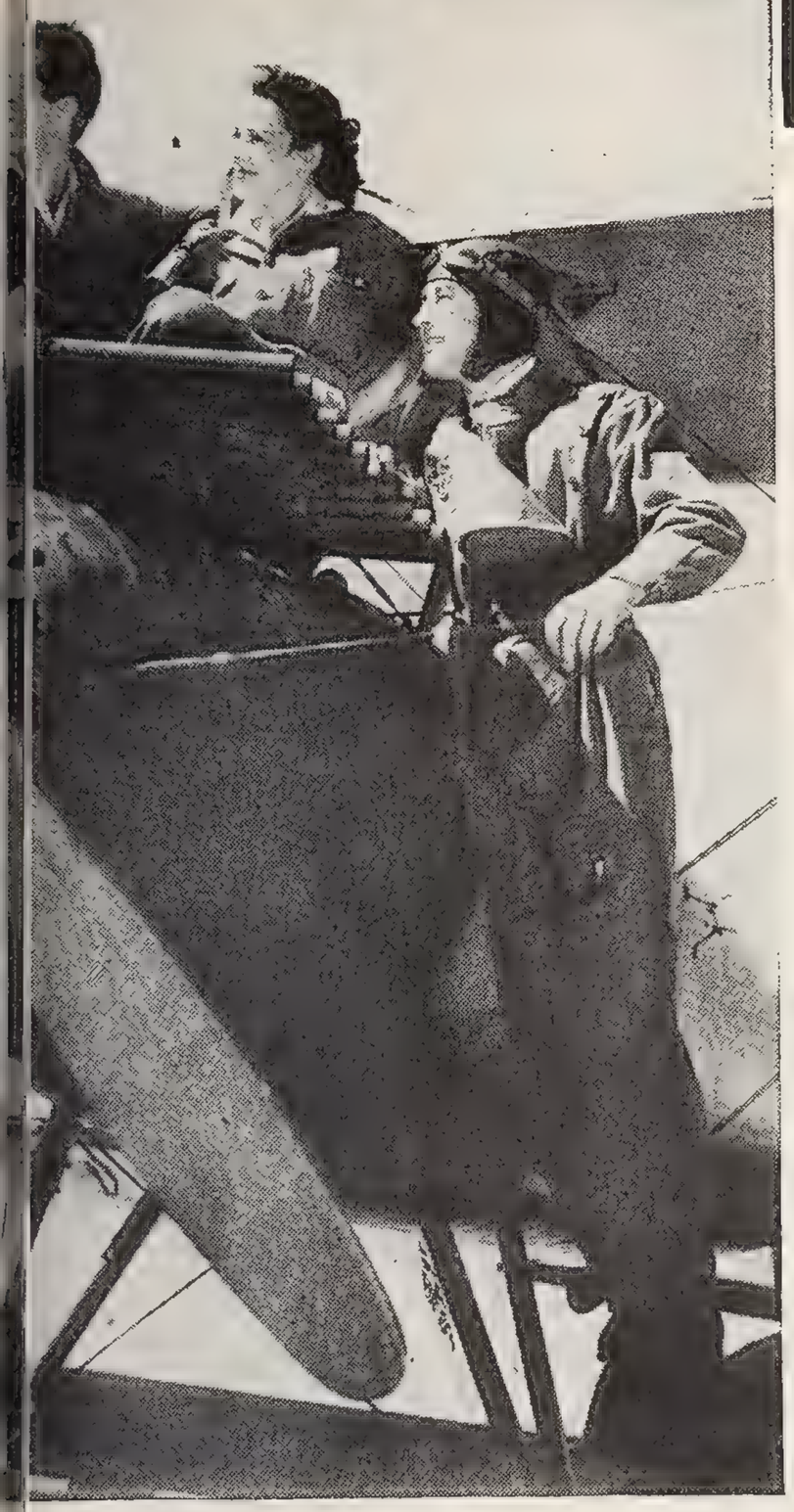
Years later, after serving a stretch at the state prison, he returns to his former neighborhood and finds that his old side-kick, Jerry, has become a priest, that the little girl he used to tease has become the attractive Ann Sheridan, and that his old basement hang-out is now the rendezvous of the tenement toughies, the Dead End boys. When they discover that the new guy in the neighborhood is Rocky Sullivan the Dead End kids become hero worshippers, much to the distress of Father Jerry, who wants to make honest American citizens of them.

When Rocky kills off Humphry Bogart and George Bancroft, rival racketeers, and is himself caught by the police he is sentenced to be electrocuted. The last sequence, where Rocky goes to the chair screaming like a "yellow rat" as a favor to Father Jerry, who wants to break the thrall of hero worship, is one of the most thrilling you've ever seen on the screen. It fairly brings out the goose pimples. Mixed in with the drama of this picture there is a lot of swell comedy. The scene where the Dead End kids play basketball is a knockout.



"Angels With Dirty Faces." James Cagney is the hard one and Pat O'Brien the priest.

"Men With Wings" revealed the beauties of Technicolor when called upon to show sky and clouds. Fred MacMurrary, Louise Campbell and Ray Milland.



BROTHER RAT

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR—*Warners*

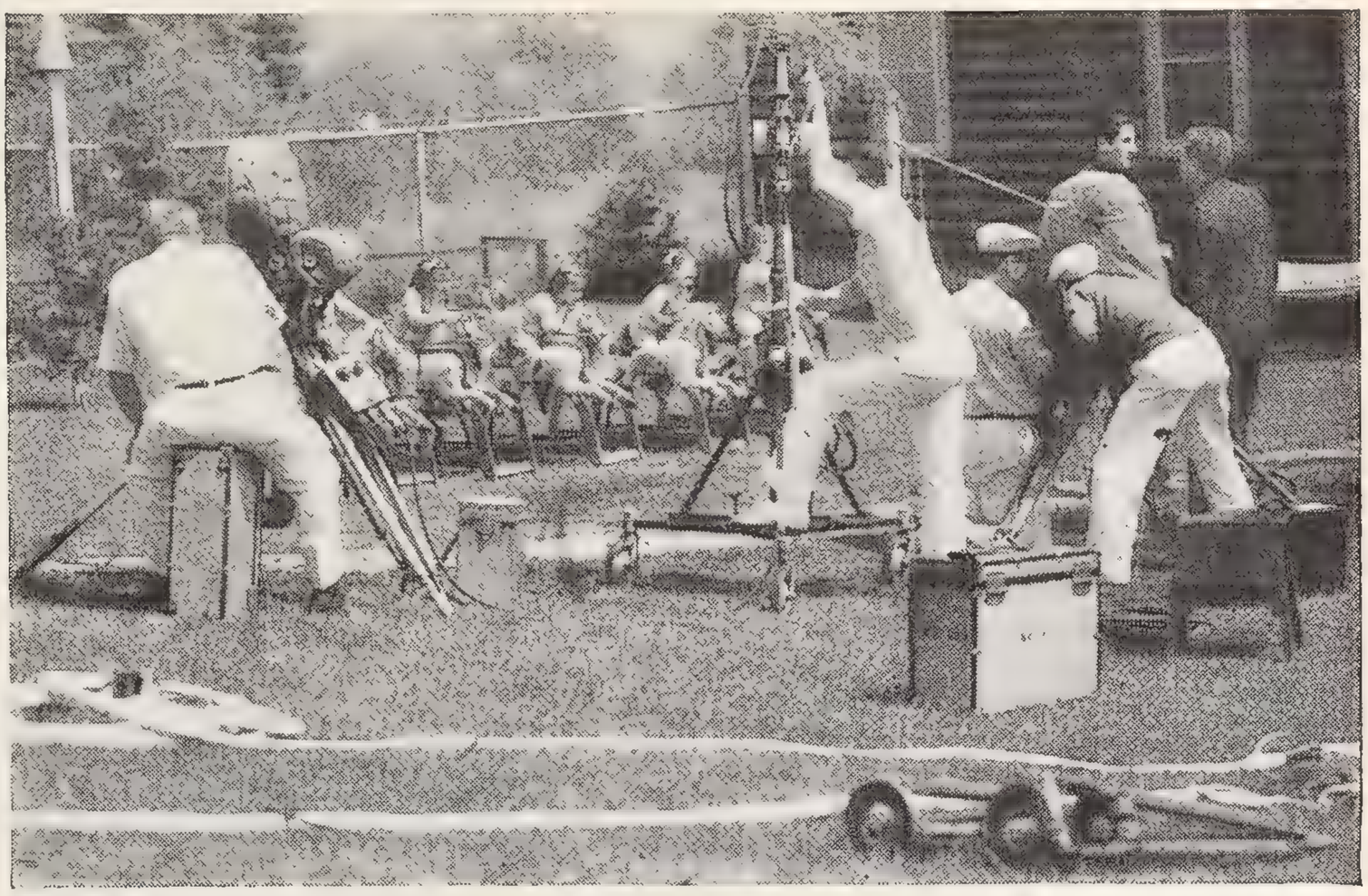
ADAPTED from the Broadway hit play of the same name, this picture has lost none of the boisterous fun of the original. The action takes place at the Virginia Military Institute (the "West Point of the South") and thanks to swell direction the authentic feeling of college life pervades the film just as it did the play.

The story's all about the adventures, loves and headaches of three first classmen, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, and Eddie Albert, during their last few weeks before graduation—and oh boy, it looks for a while there as if they'll never get their diplomas. Things begin to happen when the girls arrive for the big baseball game, and there isn't a dull moment up to the final commencement exercises.

Wayne plays one of those incorrigible young cadets who leads his "brother rats" into one mess after another—everything from pawning government property to sneaking out after taps to call on Priscilla Lane.

But, judging from the preview audience applause that greeted his every scene, the picture belongs to Mr. Eddie Albert of the New York stage, the only member of the Broadway cast in the picture. As the slow-thinking, bewildered cadet who is secretly married to Jane Bryan, and who discovers on the eve of the big game that he is about to become a father, Eddie gives a splendid performance. 'Tis said that following the preview every studio in Hollywood offered Mr. Albert a contract, with Warners winning out.

Jane Wyman scores as the Colonel's daughter and the scene where she and Priscilla are smuggled into the boys' room to help Eddie pass his chemistry exam is a high spot in the picture. Her "Papa won't like it" will long be remembered. Well, Papa and Grandma and the entire family will like this picture.



The famous quints had a gay time making "Five Of A Kind."

THE STORM

A SEA STORY WITH PLENTY OF ACTION—*U.*

CHARLIE BICKFORD plays a big two-fisted wireless operator who is pretty well fed up with the sea when his best friend is left to drown on a sinking ship. He tries to make his kid brother (Tom Brown) become a farmer but Tom also turns to marine wireless.

Charlie and Tom have a misunderstanding over Nan Grey, the ship's nurse, which isn't cleared up until she has performed a successful appendectomy on Tom during a most terrific storm at sea. Of course the captain of the ship turns out to be the same old meanie (Barton MacLane) who let Charlie's best friend die—and that brings on more fights.

Preston Foster is in for a small part, which should be larger, and Andy Devine and Frank Jenks look after the comedy.

ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD

A GAY AND IRREPRESSIBLE COMEDY WITH MUSIC—*Par.*

THAT funny fellow Jack Benny is here again. And this time "Buck" gets a perfectly swell comedy with plenty of gay gags, grand humor, good music, and delirious lines. And if this isn't enough he even gets the girl—the girl being the beautiful Joan Bennett, who is well worth getting. (Joan is the only actress so far who looks well with her hair piled high on her head.)

Jack plays Buck Boswell, the fast talking manager of a madcap troupe of Americans who go broke in Paris and are so eager to get back to New York that they are willing to be deported. Jack practically manages to get them deported, but before that everything happens to them from weiner roasts over the gas jets to a gorgeously staged fashion show.

Joan is happily cast as the daughter of a millionaire Texas oilman—she's only the fourth richest girl in America—who is in Paris with her Aunt Mary Boland to arrange her marriage to a stuffy young diplomat. She's quite bored by it all, and when Jack meets her under unusual circumstances and believes her to be a girl who's down on her luck she accepts his offer to become a part of the "act."

Charley Grapewin is simply grand as the wealthy Texan who gets mixed up in Mr. Benny's troupe to please his daughter. The Yacht Club Boys give out with a rousing number called "You're Broke, You Dope." The girls are extremely easy on the eyes.

THE SISTERS

A BEST-SELLING NOVEL BECOMES A SUPERB MOTION PICTURE—*WB*

BETTE DAVIS and Errol Flynn are teamed most satisfactorily in the screen

version of Myron Brinig's fine novel of several years ago. The novel was interesting and absorbing and so is the picture, with both Bette and Errol giving exceptionally notable performances.

The story traces the careers in marriage of the three attractive Elliot girls of Silver Bow, Montana, from the night they attend the election ball of Teddy Roosevelt until four years later when they are attending another election ball, this time of William Taft.

Attention is focused on Louise, the eldest daughter, played by Bette, who marries a charming irresponsible newspaper man (Errol Flynn) who talks of becoming a great novelist but who becomes a drunkard instead, and finally, after the death of their baby in San Francisco, leaves Bette because he believes he loves his freedom better than he does his wife.

Anita Louise plays the attractive, socially ambitious sister who has two rich husbands, Alan Hale and Patric Knowles, and is well on her way to having a third when the picture ends. Jane Bryan is the youngest sister who marries Dick Foran, the "best catch" in Silver Bow. The scene in which Jane sends for her two sisters and tells them that her husband is held in the clutches of the town's most notorious woman, and they decide on a wholesale plot to frustrate all the gallivanting husbands of Silver Bow, is a high spot in the film.

Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are excellent as the parents, and there are striking characterizations by Lee Patrick, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter and Laura Hope Crews. The San Francisco earthquake makes a thrilling sequence.

MEN WITH WINGS

AVIATION ENTHUSIASTS WILL LOVE THIS—*Par.*

THIS traces the history of aviation from the time of the Wright Brothers up to approximately the present time. The picture is done in natural color and the lovely pastel shades of sky and fog and cloud effects are really something to get hysterical about. What a relief it is not to have glaring colors shriek at us from the screen. There is one sequence which deals with an aerial battle that is so magnificent and so thrilling that it fairly takes your breath away

Unfortunately the story itself is not so thrilling. It deals with two men and a girl who pioneer in aviation after the girl's father is burned to death in an experimental flight. One boy, Fred MacMurray, is a natural born dare devil of the air, and of course it is he who goes to France in 1914, becomes a noted ace with the French army, and is discontented the rest of his life unless he is dropping bombs from a plane in some foreign country.

The other boy, Ray Milland, leads a less spectacular life. He is the steady, practical engineer, who advances the safety of aviation by sheer hard work—and no bravadoes. Of course, the girl, Louise Campbell, falls in love with the adventurer, marries him, and remains his loyal wife until his plane is shot down in China years later. Ray, also in love with Louise since boyhood, contents himself with her friendship. Andy Devine, as Ray's mechanic, runs away with the comedy moments. Porter Hall as a newspaper publisher and Lynne Overman as his managing editor are perfectly grand. Donald O'Connor, Billy Cook and Virginia Weidler play the two boys and girl as children, and Virginia does a grand job of picture stealing. Her scene after the death of her father is one you won't forget.

LISTEN DARLING

A LIGHT BUT VERY CHARMING STORY—*MGM*

JUDY GARLAND and Freddy Bartholomew make a very cute team of youngsters in this picture. When Mary Astor considers marriage to obtain security for her two children, Judy and Scotty Beckett, Freddy steps in to help Judy prevent such a move. Hoping that a change of scenery will make her change her mind the kids abduct the mother and small son in a trailer and start on a tour.

On the road they meet Walter Pidgeon, a lawyer who loves the great open spaces, and they decide he'll make a very good husband for Judy's mother. A speedy two day romance between Mary and Walter fixes everything up just dandy, or so they think.

Best sequence in the picture is where young Scotty uncovers a family of skunks. And the best thing in the picture is Judy's singing of three popular song numbers (my, my, how that child can give out with a song) especially "On the Bumpy Road to Love."

SUEZ

ROMANTIC HISTORY IN THE MAKING—*20th Century—Fox*

IN THIS extravagant and spectacular film Tyrone Power, young, handsome and oh so romantic looking, plays his most notable part to date. As the visionary Parisian, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who dreams of a big canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea "Ty" is at his most brilliant best.

Starting with young de Lesseps encounter, at one of Louis Napoleon's balls, with a fortune teller (who reads in the sands that he is destined to dig ditches) the story tells of his banishment to Egypt, his winning over by sleight-of-hand tricks the young Mohammedan, Prince Said, who later becomes his friend in need, his exciting conception of the famous project, his struggle for the next nineteen years against the hostility of men and nature—and his eventual triumph.

The diplomatic involvements and the English and French expansion stratagems (1850-1869) included in the picture are historically accu-



Vincent Price, Constance Bennett, Charles Ruggles and Helen Broderick in "Service de Luxe."



A dramatic moment. A scene from "The Citadel," with Robert Donat.

rate and interesting. Ditto the sabotage by the Turks and the sand storm which is a high point of excitement in the picture.

Co-starring with Ty are the beautiful Loretta Young, who gives up her love for the enthusiastic young engineer to become the Empress Eugenie, the bride of Louis Napoleon, and Annabella, who plays a hoydenish child of the desert who finally worms her way into de Lesseps' affections.

In the supporting cast there are excellent performances by Joseph Schildkraut as de Lesseps' friend, J. Edward Bromberg as the Egyptian prince, Nigel Bruce and Henry Stephenson as English and French ambassadors to Cairo, Miles Mander as Disraeli, George Zucco as Gladstone, and Leon Ames as Louis Napoleon.

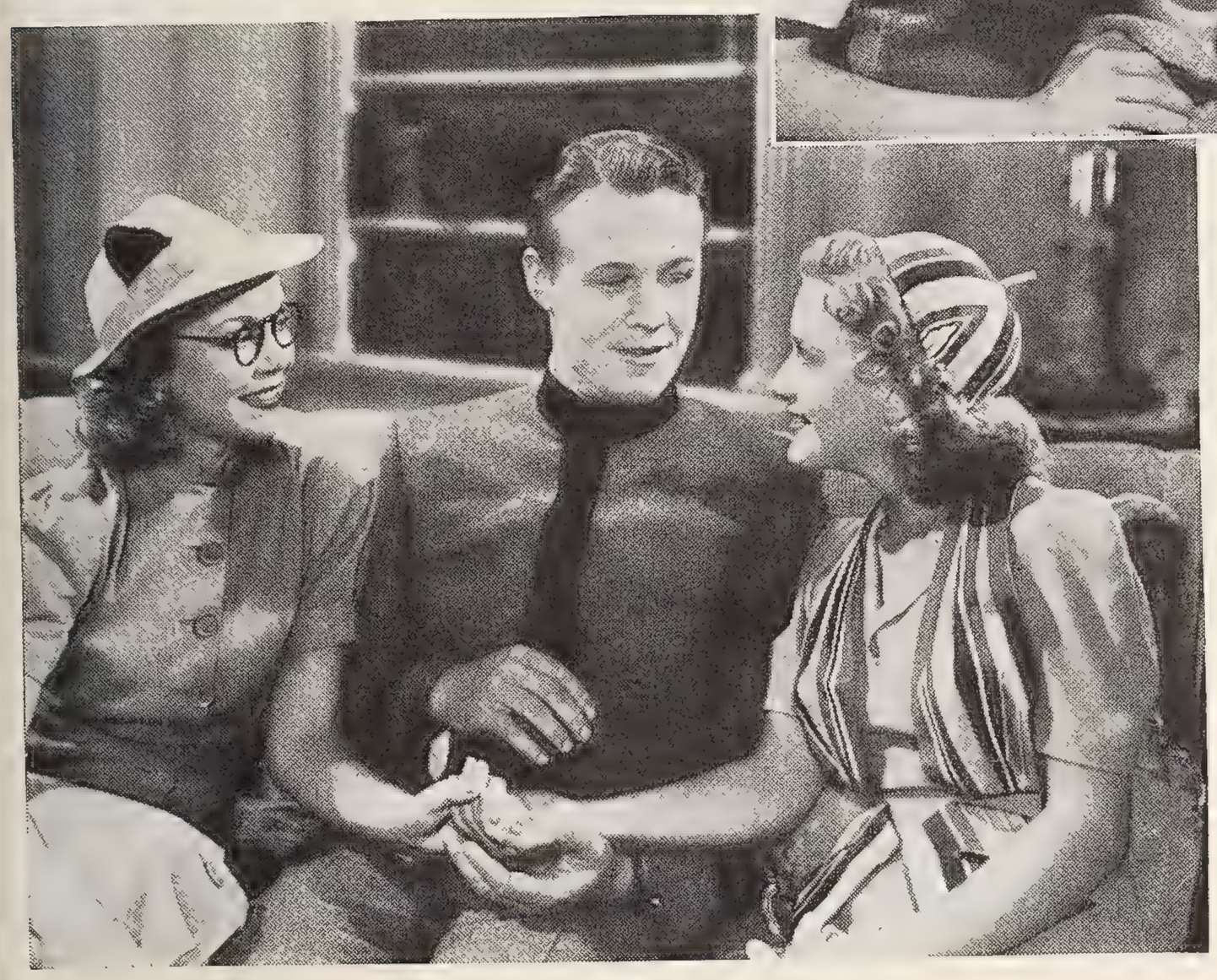
FIVE OF A KIND

THOSE DARLING QUINTS AGAIN—
20th Century-Fox

THIS is the third in the series of pictures starring the Dionne Quintuplets—



Freddie Bartholomew, Mary Astor, Judy Garland and Scotty Beckett in "Listen Darling."



Jane Wyman, Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane in "Brother Rat."

and by far the best of the three. The little Dionnes are no longer just babies, and no longer curiosities, but are now five nice little girls, with five distinct personalities. They get all dressed up to celebrate their birthday, their fourth, and they stumble through a minuet that's quite the funniest thing you've ever seen. They open their presents sent them by fans from all over the world, and they simply go into ecstasies over five little quintuplet puppies some one has given them. They prattle way in French and have a lovely time of it. Don't let anyone tell you that the children are backward or undeveloped. You've never seen five such wholesome, natural, and perfectly charming little girls.

The story that serves as a setting for the appearance of the Quints revolves around the rivalry of a couple of news broadcasters, Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero. They're quite busy scooping each other until, just as you suspected, they fall in love. Then they join forces in the presentation of a television program of the quintuplets which makes possible the building of a children's hospital.

Claire and Cesar give excellent performances, but top praise in the picture, as before, goes to Jean Hersholt in the role of the kindly Dr. Dafoe. Slim Summerville again plays the constable and John Qualen Papa Dionne (in the picture the name is Wyatt.)

SERVICE DE LUXE

THIS WILL TAKE YOU OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS—*Universal*

HERE'S a light, frothy comedy that gets Mr. Vincent Price's movie career off to a flying start. Vincent Price, in case you're not theatre-minded, is a very personable young man who for the past few years has played "Albert" in Helen Hayes' "Victoria Regina." He is an extraordinarily tall and handsome fellow, with a particularly resonant voice.

In his screen debut Vincent plays a young inventor who just can't stand bossy women. So naturally he falls in love with Constance Bennett who tries to conceal the fact from him that she is head of the Dorothy Madison Service (a service bureau that does everything for its rich clients from writing checks to staging weddings) and that bossing is a part of her job.

Obvious complications follow and it's all quite gay. Charlie Ruggles turns in his usual capable performance as a wealthy engineer whose hobby is cooking. Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick furnish many of the laughs. Joy Hodges, who is due for a build-up by Universal, is very pretty as Charlie's madcap man-chasing daughter. Connie wears very chic clothes, and wears them well.

They put weight on Seabiscuit, and they certainly gave Connie a handicap in this one. For if there is one kind of woman that absolutely no one wants around, it is the dame who manages things. And does Vincent Price tell her!

SUBMARINE PATROL

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW AND FRESH IN PICTURES—*20th Century-Fox*

DON'T let that dull title throw you off. Combining intense drama, thrilling action and well-timed comedy the picture is knock-out entertainment from beginning to end. It's the story of the "Splinter Fleet," those wooden ships, not much better than tugs, that chased the enemy's submarines during the war and saw to it that munitions and men were safely convoyed to Europe.

The picture begins with the patrol boat, in sad condition, escorting a munitions boat to Italy, and for this valuable service to the Navy the captain and crew of the boat are rewarded with the job of blowing up Germany's most dangerous and deadly submarine.

Preston Foster, as the captain who redeems himself, gives the outstanding performance. George Bancroft is well cast as the captain of the munitions boat, and Richard Green is splendid as a society playboy who joins the Navy and finds himself assigned to an old tub. His romance with Nancy Kelly, Bancroft's daughter in the film, is a minor but delightful part of the story.

This is Nancy's first picture (she was grabbed from a New York play and given a contract) and she proves that she has the talent to go far in this acting business. You'll be seeing her next in "Jesse James." Stand-outs in small parts are Henry Armetta, Maxie Rosenbloom, J. Farrell MacDonald, George E. Stone, Ward Bond, Warren Hymer, and Slim Summerville. With John Ford as the director you know it will be meaty.

Take Care Of Your Health And Your Nails Will Benefit Accordingly.

By

Mary Lee







Center — Ann Sothern, who is as modern as tomorrow, uses fairly deep polish on her long tapering nails, and shows just a slim line of white at the tips.

Above—Cecilia Parker is the more conventional type. She uses a delicate tone of polish and likes to show the entire tip of her nails. Left — Rosemary Lane is removing her polish with a Revlon remover pad.

This Nail— Splitting Question

Ann Sothern's stream lined fingers drape over the arm of a loveseat, reminding us that here is the high fashion design in fingertips. Fingers slim, tapering; nails in harmony, the polish fairly deep, like a jewel, covering the entire nail from base to tip or leaving a very slim line of white at the tip.

Cecilia Parker's soft, young hands show the more conventional, but always good, fashion, a more delicate tone of polish, leaving the natural nail tip shining and snowy.

Take your choice in nail grooming. Either is good and solves the general question in "design" of fingertips. Each is a pattern you may copy, according to your taste. Yes, if you have the nails to work on. For these are the months when nails misbehave, if ever they are going to. And the cause is the same as that of flaking, muddy skin and limp or straw-like hair. One authority says: "Don't blame your manicure for brittle, easily broken nails. Look for these faults in health and nerve irregularities. Seek the *cause* elsewhere than your manicure, and remember that the effects you see are only surface indications that your general health and well-being are either radically wrong or perfectly all right." Our authority further reminds you that "proper diet, good digestion, adequate exercise, sufficient sunshine" are the ways to a physical condition that grows good nails as well as figure, hair, skin and disposition. So, with the approach of a New Year and good resolutions, these health points belong on your program.

And on your program, too, belongs some special care for those nails. I wonder if you've ever realized just why we have nails? As a protection for fingers and toes. Today, of course, nails are a strong point for beauty, and there is nothing that seems to excite the spontaneous compliment more than a lovely hand and nails. The romantic emphasis that is put on hands today is not over-accented. Ask any man.

Whether in the pink of condition or whether brittle, broken, ridged or flaking, let's consider some of the aids at hand today. First, I hope you get a manicure kit for Christmas, if you didn't have one before; or if you are one of those to receive a check in lieu of the actual gift, I hope you'll buy yourself a kit, even if it's a little inexpensive one. There's no convenience like having all the gadgets together when you sit down to do your nails. If you depend upon professional manicures, then take a lesson in how to do one, yourself. Time and again we find ourselves dependent upon home aid, and a good manicure can be mastered, like anything else.

Use an emery board or file for shaping. If you prefer a file, get a good one. It's a good investment, like the right hairbrush. La Cross manicure implements inherit a tradition of superiority. Use light motions in filing, never *saw*. If you want the long effect of Ann's nails, don't file down too far at the sides. Leave these longer than usual, if you are bringing dark polish to the tips. By doing this, you will get the streamline effect without an exaggerated point at the center, which is anything but lovely. La Cross makes all kinds of fine manicure preparations, among them a special pet of mine, Glycerated polish remover pads. These are pads permanently saturated in the remover. Remove one from the container, use it for ten fingers, discard. I like this neatness and convenience.

Now we come to a point on which there has been surprising development in the last year or so, polish foundations and protectors—uncolored lacquer-like aids, applied with brush before or after polish, according to the purpose. Some are designed to protect weak, faulty nails, to protect them while you grow better ones. All such preparations applied before the manicure give a smoother, evener base for the polish. Some of these aids are used over the polish, after it has dried, to give a longer lasting lustre and to protect the polish, generally. They will all prolong the life and beauty of a manicure, and your choice is largely a matter of individual need.

I would suggest, however, that you buy these extra aids by the same maker as that of your polish. They are all good, but each company makes its own products to work hand in hand, and thus they are perfectly coordinated.

La Cross suggests that its Nailong be applied from base over tip of nail to "seal" the nail edge and thus prevent flaking and splitting due to any structure weakness at this point. Nailong is an opaque polish base to be used before polish.

This extra aid by Cutex is known as Cutex Polish Foundation, to be brushed on under or over your Cutex polish to promote longer wear. Secretaries and typists who naturally encounter much finger wear will find this foundation a great help.

Glazo has a product known as Nail-Cote. Used before and after your choice of Glazo polish in the lovely Tropic tones, it protects both nail health and manicure beauty.

Nail Protecto is the protective aid by Elizabeth Arden. It is interesting to know that whenever Miss Arden sponsors a new tone in face make-up, invariably the nail beauty comes along in the same shade of lacquer. Now one of the newest is Prince's Feather, from the gallant dark red flower we know as coxcomb.

Revlon has a protective agent, Prolon, that forms a tough, adhesive coating over the nail before polish is applied, very helpful in protecting split, ridged or cracked nails from further trouble until a better nail has grown out. And while with Revlon, have you seen Jueltone? This is the newest shade in three gradations of depth, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Jewels [*Continued on page* 68]

PARTY MENUS *for* NEW YEAR'S EVE

Good Things To Eat While The Bells Ring In 1939

By Ruth Corbin

(*All recipes pre-tested*)



PARTY menus for New Year's Eve are often troublesome things. What to prepare that is satisfying and yet will not be spoiled by early fixing or last minute preparation is something of a problem for the most versatile hostess. The accompanying recipes and suggestions are given because they meet these requirements and lend themselves nicely to combinations. They may be served singly or with ideas of your own, with equal effect and enjoyment.

There should always be a steaming tureen of soup. You may buy such excellent canned soups these days that it is hardly worth the effort it takes to make them. Both Heinz and Crosse and Blackwell make the most delicious Cream of Mushroom Soup. The former also has an unbeatable Pepper Pot soup and a French Onion soup, while the latter has Cream of Celery, Cream of Mushroom and a luscious Cream of Oyster with about 8 oysters in each can. As for Chicken or Cream of Tomato . . . there is nothing better than Campbell's. But, if you are of a mind to make your own try, here's a grand soup.

CREAM OF LEEK

1½ cups sliced leeks
3 cups cold water
2 tablespoons C&B Chili Sauce
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
Dash paprika
3 tablespoons butter
1 bay leaf
5 medium-sized potatoes
2 tablespoons minced parsley
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
Croutons

Brown leeks lightly in butter. Add water, bay leaf, chili sauce, and potatoes; simmer until potatoes are very tender. Force through sieve. Add milk, parsley, salt, pepper, and paprika. Heat to boiling and serve with croutons. Enough for 8 portions.

IRISH RABBIT

Ireland makes another bid for culinary fame with this delicious dish, the answer to every hostess's prayer for a late supper.

Just to look at this tempting table makes us hungry . . . with its bowl of Shandigaff, delicious frosted fruit cake, gingerbread sandwiches, salad and Irish Rabbit. At right—Gail Patrick is "setting the stage" for her party hours before her guests arrive.

Simple to make and choice in flavor, its success is instant and certain. In a chafing dish or double boiler, blend together 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup milk and cook until thick and smooth, stiring constantly. Add 1 pound Kraft's American Cheese, chopped. Stir until almost melted. Then blend in gradually ¾ cup Guinness' Stout. Stir until almost melted. Serve at once on hot toast or crackers.

EGG CUPS

Here is a "must" for this type of meal for in at least one of the following forms it is sure to please all tastes. Boil desired number of eggs. Mash yolks to a paste with mayonnaise. Add lemon juice, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Fill whites, top with a little caviar and decorate with pimento. Mash yolks with sardines. Add chopped celery, lemon juice, and salt. Fill whites; decorate with slices of stuffed olive. Fill whites with shrimps cut in small pieces. Pour cocktail sauce over them and garnish with parsley. Yolks may be blended with a number of different ingredients for sandwiches.

And speaking of sandwiches . . . here is something new and too, too divine. Everyone will like it but it is planned particularly for the late supper in which the children are allowed to participate. Cut Crosse and Blackwell's Date and Nut bread into slices. Place a thin slice of tart apple between two layers and . . . yum-yum, you have a treat! If you have the time, an orange or nut bread may be substituted for date and nut bread. Here is the recipe for:

ORANGE BREAD

2½ cups Hecker's flour
3 tablespoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons melted butter
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
Peel of 4 oranges

Mix and sift all dry ingredients. Mix liquids and add to flour mixture. Add peel and bake about 1 hour in moderate oven (350° F.). Prepare peel by boiling in 3 or 4 waters. Scrape out all white part. Make a thick syrup and cook peel slowly until all syrup is taken up. Roll in sugar. About 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water is sufficient for four oranges.

Another new party sandwich is made by spreading 2 long slices of white bread with creamed butter on one side and one long slice of gingerbread with creamed butter on both sides. Put together with gingerbread in center. Make a second sandwich alternating gingerbread with white bread. When ready to serve, cut in ½ inch slices. For variety, spread butter with softened cottage or cream cheese. 1 cup dates and ½ cup nut meats may be added to gingerbread before baking. Make gingerbread with Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. It is their boast that this mixture is George Washington's mother's [*Continued on page* 68]



Now that Hubby Lew Ayres has made a comeback, perhaps Ginger Rogers will think better of paddling her own canoe.

Pictures on the Fire

[*Continued from page* 51]

cocktail. We sit there for a half hour cutting up old touches or tearing up old papers which, in plain English, means talking over old times. And, under the stimulus of a cocktail—or two—I confess I used to detest her. That hands Bette a laugh because, she says, she used to think I was the *ne plus ultra* of nothing. And now, here we sit, closer than Saturday and Sunday.

All of a sudden it's 4:30 so I dash back to the Gale Page set. "Dinner at eight," Gale murmurs without waiting for a cue. That floors me so I leave her and stagger out to—

20th Century-Fox

PO-LENTY doing out here today, believe you me. The first set I head for is "Tailspin" where Constance Bennett and Alice Faye are staging a fist fight. This is the "punch" scene of the picture—in more ways than one. I forget what it was Connie said to Alice but Alice resented it.

"Take that back," she says, "or I'll pin your ears back."

Connie drags out a load of the best Bennett hauteur, and surveys Alice coolly. "The crack still goes," she announces and the battle is on.

It's one of those scenes I've read about for years but never managed to witness first-hand before. And leave me tell you, my fraands, it is really something to see the suave, sophisticated Constance stand up there, swapping blows. There is no pulling the punches either and each slap sounds like the crack of a rifle.

Finally the shot is finished to the satisfaction of the director. The girls give each other a little hug and start for their dressing rooms.

"My jaws feel like they have been lying under a piledriver for a couple of weeks," Connie laughs ruefully. "Come on in and rest the body."

In her dressing room we cut up some more old touches. I recall the first time I saw Connie after she returned to pictures eight or nine years ago. She was—and still is, to me—the most glamorous girl I've ever known. But that day she found a lowly worm in her salad. It had been sent in from a nearby drugstore and I expected fireworks. But she just skipped the salad and went on talking. And Connie recalls the nights, before she was married, when we used to sit up playing backgammon until 2:00 and 3:00 in the morning. *Some* exciting lives we used to live in those days before Father Time mowed us down.

Then a lug by the name of Alderton who works on the lot has to spoil everything. "This is all very nice," he observes tartly, "but it's getting late and, after all, we have some other pictures and players working, too, you know."

So I tell Connie goodbye and I'm telling you, "Don't miss 'Tailspin.' "

Next we come to "The Three Musketeers." This stars Don Ameche and the Ritz Brothers. Don, who never objects to anything, seems well pleased with his assignment to this picture. The Ritz Brothers continue to put on a better show when the camera isn't grinding than they do when it is. They're having a lot of fun with their swords and other props. When anyone drops anything on this set he just lets it lie. It isn't safe to bend over.

"All right, talent," the director calls.

"Excuse us," chorus the Ritzes as they troop off to their dressing room trailer to fix their make-up.

This scene is another free for all. Don, as D'Artagnan, is fighting the three musketeers. The Ritzes, no masters with rapiers, are doing what they can to help him. The brawl takes place in a sort of inn and they are throwing meat cleavers, cheeses and even strings of garlic at Don's adversaries.

"Come on," orders the relentless Alderton, just when the going is getting good.

Nearby is a junior all-star cast in "Thanks For Everything"—featuring Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, Arleen Whelan, Binnie Barnes and that cutie-pie Jack Haley.

As I come on to the set Oakie and Menjou are trying on strait-jackets. A year ago Mr. Oakie was what you might call bovine in his movements. He was so fat it was all he could do to hoist himself up out of a chair. The getting down into it again wasn't so complicated. He just stood in front of it and dropped. Now since he's lost sixty pounds and can move without running up his blood pressure, he likes to squirm. His strait-jacket doesn't please him. His arms aren't exactly comfortable.

"Who expects to be comfortable in a strait-jacket?" I inquire helpfully.

"Quiet, please," orders Mr. Oakie. "I'm not speaking to you since you tried to put that sleeping powder in my soup four years ago."

"I was just trying to be helpful, then as now," I mutter.

Duke Abrams, the property man, fastens the last buckle, steps back and surveys his work. "Looks pretty good to me," he opines. "How does it feel?"

"A little snug—just a little snug," Oakie responds. "But," heaving a sigh, "it's all right. Life isn't all beer and skittles. Even the Great Oakie must suffer for his art."

Mr. Menjou lets out a whoop. "You never looked better in your life. In fact, I'll even go so far as to buy you a strait-jacket that you can keep—you look so much at home in one."

Oakie disposed of—temporarily—it is Menjou's turn. He encounters a little trouble in getting what he describes as a "Hart-Shaffner and Marx fit." He tries on four but they all bulge in the wrong places. Strait-jacket or tails, Menjou must be immaculate. The fifth one suits him. And the scene starts.

Trussed up in their strait-jackets, the pair are vigorously denying their insanity to officials of the Chelsea Hospital when Binnie Barnes dashes in, in search of Oakie—her intended.

"You have the funniest ideas of what the well-dressed bridegroom will wear," she vouchsafes, eyeing him disgustedly.

Oakie is happy beyond words. Just the sight of her leaves him speechless. But Mr. M. is not a gent to mince words.

"This is an outrage!" he thunders. "Get me a lawyer! Get me the Foreign Ambassador. Get me—"

But Jack, with eyes only for Binnie, interrupts him with a happy yelp. "Get me a minister," he orders.

"Cut!" Director Seiter instructs and turns to the hapless pair. "You fellows might as well shed those jackets. It'll be half an hour before we're ready for another shot."

Menjou slips out of his but not Jack. "After all the trouble I had getting this thing on it stays on," he cries. "I may be wearing a straitjacket but I'm not that crazy—yet!"

"Come on," Alderton goes into his theme song again. "There's still Shirley Temple."

"There's one compensatory thing about Shirley's pictures," I console myself as we start for the Will Rogers Memorial stage. "I may have to cover her sets but I don't have to see her films." As fond as I am of Shirley personally and as much as I admire her histrionic ability there is such a thing as too much dessert. However, that's only my own reaction and I guess fifty million picture-goers can't be wrong.

Dressed shabbily, as never before, her hair pinned back, she waits for her cue in an attic hallway. As Director Walter Lang calls "Action"—the cruel Miss Minchin (Mary Nash—and *there* is an *actress!)* starts upbraiding her. In a moment, Shirley bursts into the garret, slamming the door behind her. Confronting the beautiful wax doll seated beside her dismal bed, Shirley berates it for offering no sympathy in her misery.

"You're just a doll!" she cries. "You haven't a heart!" With that she dashes the doll to the floor, flings herself on the bed and sobs her heart out until Lang says "Cut!"

At the sound of his voice Shirley leaps from the bed, dries her eyes and picks up the doll to see if it is broken. "Emily's all right," she calls happily to the prop man.

Whoever said there is no rest for the weary. I suddenly find I am through—*fini!* In all the years I have been set-trotting this is the first time there is nothing doing at M-G-M. At United Artists there is only "Trade Winds" about which I have already told you. So, until next month, I'll leave you. Try to contain yourselves, will you?

$50.00 FOR YOUR VERDICT!

Your Money Is Good At The Box-Office And Your Opinion Is Equally Welcome. Write A Letter Of Constructive Criticism Of The Movies And Win A Prize.



The Opinions Of Regular People Are The Only Opinions That Count. Critics May Attack, But If The Fans Like A Picture Then It Is A Success And The Critics Are Over-Ruled.

Franciska Gaal in Bing Crosby's new picture, "Paris Honeymoon," raises her paddle in determination. Why don't you take a sock at the movies you do not like?

EVERY picture must go on trial before the Grand Jury of the Public.

Here is an opportunity to tell the producers a thing or two and perhaps to earn a little money by doing so. When you leave a movie house you sometimes feel disappointed, and perhaps you express this disappointment in real honest criticism of the picture. Write a letter for this contest and tell why you did not like certain pictures, and perhaps your letter will help Hollywood to make the kind of picture that you do like.

The producers receive their share of your box-office contributions and they know very well whether you spread a pleasant word and advise your friends to go to their picture. But neither the producer, director or star knows what it was that you did not like. Why do you dislike a picture? What picture? Why? Give Hollywood the benefit of your opinion. Your letters are interesting. And even if you do not win the $50 your letter may be printed and, if so, it will be paid for—$5 per letter.

Maybe you prefer to select a picture and tell why you DID like it. This is one way to express your opinion, but be sure also to mention a picture in which you failed to find the qualities that you admire.

Remember, your opinion is important and your letter, if selected for our letter page (which begins in the February issue), will be read by the producers, directors and stars of Hollywood.

There is no better topic of conversation at any party or gathering than a discussion of motion pictures. Everyone has a slightly different reaction to a film, and therefore the fans are very much interested in what someone else thinks.

WINNING LETTERS IN THE FIRST CONTEST

As we go to press the first contest in this series is closed and in a few days the winning letter will have been selected, but too late for announcement of the money winner until the February issue.

So many different people see a movie that there are bound to be many who violently dislike the same picture that others like. Perhaps you have your own individual viewpoint. Tell it to us by means of this letter contest, and start an argument.

Be sure and put your name and address on your letter because otherwise we would have to advertise for you—in case you won the prize.

Are you critical? Are you proud of the standards you demand?

Why not write out your reasons for turning your thumbs down.

CONDITIONS

1. Make your letter about 150 words.
2. No letter will be returned.
3. Contest closes December 28, 1938.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Write A Letter About The Pictures That You Like—It Will Give Hollywood Encouragement—And Particularly Tell The Producers If You Discover a Fault That Spoils Some Picture For You.

What Needle In Which Haystack?

[*Continued from page* 25]

editors to find the perfect vehicle for her. They, in turn, began to pore through magazine articles, plays, scenarios, originals and books by the thousands; many good stories were considered, but for various reasons they didn't quite reach the high standard set. As the weeks slipped by and time became shorter, the dragnet widened to European countries; foreign agents were notified to find that story! It was never found.

That doesn't mean that Danielle will stop making pictures for them; "Rio" is soon to start. But after months of wasted effort and more money, officials decided that the only way to get exactly what they wanted was to have studio scenarists write the story for her. They did—proving that there is at least two ways to skin a cat.

On June twenty-third, 1936, RKO became sole owners of the rights to Kipling's immortal poem, "Gunga Din." From that day to the time filming started there was no let-up in work. First the Research men swung into action. They wrote to friends and noted authorities in England and India, contacted Museums and Libraries in both countries, and spent endless tedious hours poring through history and reference books in the Museums and Libraries of New York City. The whole force, en masse, devoted four solid months to unearthing facts and data concerning Kipling, his poem, India and the British Legion stationed there.

Mr. Hendee, Director of Research at R. K. O. told me:

"One day the phone rang and my secretary told me it was Hollywood on the wire. The voice on the other end asked:—

"'How old was Gunga Din?'"

It seemed that Talent Scouts had been instructed to find a boy like Sabu to play the title role, a water boy or Bhisti, as they are called; someone doubted if a lad so young would qualify to serve with the British Legion.

Mr. Hendee laughed, and said: "There is nothing in the poem to denote his exact age, but we discovered that being a water boy in India is a profession which is handed down from father to son. Here are actual photographs of the Indian Bhisti, upon which we based our research." He handed me a half dozen pictures. It was obvious why Sam Jaffe was selected to play Gunga Din. In every instance the "boy" pictured was rather tall, though bent from his burden of water—and at least forty years old! Once again the Research Department had prevented a serious "boner."

The trouble and expense that a film company will go to in quest of accuracy is really amazing, especially when one considers the short length of time that many of the incidents last on the screen; yet they may be the most difficult to check. As we talked, one of Mr. Hendee's assistants laid a huge pile of photostats on his desk. They were actual size front pages of newspapers, of the year 1911. Looking through them we saw that the King and Queen of England had been crowned; Woman's Suffrage was in full swing; the first Air Mail was being flown from Mineola to Nassau:

"This," said the genial Director of Research, "will show just how meticulous we are. They are starting a picture in Hollywood called, "Castles In The Air;" the story is ready and it has been decided that they will want a montage shot, to create atmosphere and denote the time the picture deals with.

"As soon as we got the order, we delved into various history books and encyclopedias to determine what the important events



Johnny Davis, who has used musical skill to open the gate to the movies, bows his thanks

of 1911 were and the exact dates. Having learned this, we went to the library to find the newspapers that show these important events best; next we got permission to reproduce them on the screen; then we had the photostats made. Here they are, ready for our inspection. We will ship them Air Mail to Hollywood, where the cameraman will rearrange them properly and make the shot that you will eventually see on the screen."

What price perfection! All that work for one shot that will last in the picture not more than thirty *seconds!*

"A short while ago," continued Mr. Hendee, "the West Coast asked us for all facts and data concerning the old Casino Theatre that used to be on the corner of 39th and Broadway here in New York. There is an office building there now and our job appeared to be a difficult one. The theatre was important to the picture so we had to be accurate. We searched the files first and found pictures but no plans; we could locate no reliable authorities. Finally we got a line on the original architect but he was out of business and no one knew anything about him. Then we learned the first name only of a man who had been an office-boy with him years ago. We located this man in an uptown office and he told us that the architect was dead and all his plans had been taken over by an assistant who lives in Kingston, N. Y. Our contact man went to Kingston, found the assistant and was fortunate enough to get from him the original blueprints that he had saved. Photostats were made of the blue-prints and sent to Hollywood; from them the old Casino Theatre was reproduced, exact to the last detail."

"You never know what to expect in this business," the interesting Director of Research continued, "some time ago we had a call for data on a Brontosaurus for the film, "Bringing Up Baby;" the same afternoon Hollywood asked for information about an Air Plane Hospital Ship. The animal, thousands of years old; the hospital ship, not yet invented; all in the same day!

"In researching the Brontosaurus, we found that the best specimen belongs to Yale College and is on exhibit at the Peabody Museum, in New Haven. Since, you will recall, the whole story forms about the huge skeleton, it seemed advisable for us to go there and do the job properly. By contacting the Museum we discovered that the Professor in charge was at the University of California, teaching a summer class; we telegraphed him and he granted us permission to photograph the Brontosaurus.

"My assistant photographer and I went to New Haven and spent an entire day from nine in the morning to seven-thirty taking fifty pictures and collecting data. We photographed the skeleton from every angle, section by section; on an eighteen-foot ladder and constantly in fear of toppling over on the beast as they did in the picture, I personally measured every single bone with a ruler." Although he lost his fondness for Brontosauruses after that tiring day, Mr. Hendee assured me the one that prop-men in Hollywood built from his pictures and data is just as handsome an animal as the one in the Peabody Museum—and a perfect likeness.

"Research," he continued, "doesn't always take so long and isn't always so difficult. We had an urgent call for a Budapest Police Car, to be used in 'Fight For Your Lady.' With a lot of luck their consulate, a couple of travel agencies and numerous authorities supplied ample data. Two and a half hours later, the information and photographs were on their way to Hollywood. Soon after," he laughed, "I received a letter congratulating me on the speedy research of the Budapest Police Car; unfortunately, though, due to a last minute change they had decided to use a Horse Cop, instead."

To be sure, the research departments do much of the searching for perfection, but occasionally, as in Warner Brothers' "Angels With Dirty Faces," all departments on both coasts join in the hunt. When they first began looking for a boy to play Jimmy Cagney as a youth, Warners quietly invited Hollywood agents to bring in their "boy Cagneys." It is a big picture and just any boy wouldn't do; he had to be as near perfection as possible. Thus, when the agents failed to supply, casting offices were contacted. As the search gained momentum, West Coast officials not in the Talent Department began to keep their eyes and ears open, also. Still the boy was not to be found. By this time the situation had become alarming; agents throughout the country and even the Eastern office were asked to be on the lookout.

Meanwhile, hundreds of boys were being interviewed all over the country; many of them screen-tested. As the starting date of the film grew closer and closer, Warner officials became desperate; for one of the first times in the history of the business advertisements were put into newspapers asking any and all would-be "boy Cagneys" to please come forward. Ironically enough, Frankie Burke, the boy selected, was found right in their own back yard, Los Angeles. But this sincere effort of Warners to get the "right" boy, the one boy in the whole country best fitted with likeness and ability, is another example of the time and money a film company will spend to do a job accurately and well; the part is only a small one, yet it required several months of searching in which the entire organization joined forces to insure success.

Every picture good or bad, has months of work by experts spent on it before it is released. Perhaps you like it, perhaps you don't; it is difficult to criticize because these unsung specialists are not only *good*—they are the best there are! A part isn't given by a mere snap of the fingers; carefully, a sincere effort is made to cast each film correctly. A story isn't chosen by simply reaching into the files; larger companies maintain editors and scouts all over the world who read thirty thousand stories a year and buy about one hundred; even then producers meet and confer on them, weigh-

ing the pros and cons. Seldom, if ever, will you find anything that is slip-shod or done haphazardly.

In the words of Harold Hendee, Director of Research for R. K. O.:

"The next picture you see, remember that absolutely everything on the screen before you, from the names of the characters to the village drug-store, even to the smallest stick of furniture have been checked and rechecked for authenticity. There are few errors. Since you will find a half dozen different opinions on any subject, it is impossible to satisfy everyone. For the sake of the picture, mistakes that we know about are often left in; too many people forget that we are primarily interested in giving entertainment, not documentary evidence."

Class dismissed.



"Trade Winds" ends as all good detective stories should — Fredric March and Joan Bennett and lots of oriental bliss.

Behave or Else

[*Continued from page* 29]

be at the top of the heap today, had they respected the authority of their bosses?

I asked Joy just how studios punish such temperamental stars. She refused to say. Her one remark was: "No one person is so important to pictures that the industry would collapse without him."

Others told me how, a few years ago when Janet Gaynor was on the crest at Fox and showing signs of kicking over the traces, another girl of her type was employed as a threat to her. For years, MGM kept a voluptuous foreign beauty under contract as a threat to the great Garbo. The other girl never made a picture, but she was always on tap, ready to step into the Swede's glamorous size nines. When Gene Autry, he of the horse operas, became unmanageable, Republic put unknown Roy Rogers into an Autry role. That was intended as punishment for Gene; but young Rogers did so well that he is now an important Republic contractee.

Speaking of Westerns, Joy remarked: "A lot of people think that being asked to do a Western is a come-down. To be honest, most of us love 'em. Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon are thrilled over their script for 'The Cowboy and The Lady'." And Joel McCrea once told me he'd rather do Westerns than eat.

And what, I wanted to know, are the unwritten laws that govern the girl who is definitely succeeding? Just how is she, personally, affected at each step of the long pull toward stardom?

"Probably a sort of false popularity is the first thing that happens to us," she answered, "just as the sudden departure of former would-be pals accompanies failure. All of my friends in pictures have gone through this disillusioning experience. The moment I was let out at RKO, a lot of people who had been nice to me suddenly turned a cold shoulder. Several months later, I was signed to do 'I'd Rather Be Right' on the New York stage opposite George M. Cohan. The following morning, trade papers told the news. The response was overwhelming. Those who had previously dropped me rallied 'round with telephone calls, flowers, telegrams. RKO offered me a new contract; MGM wanted me; Universal wanted me. I finally signed with Universal to appear in 'Merry-Go-Round of 1938.'

"I was given a pleasant dressing room. The day I started work, the crew and director presented me with a gorgeous bouquet of roses. When newspaper or magazine writers visited the set, they were always introduced to me. It is certainly true that nothing succeeds like success. The studios try in every way to make rising players happy. When a company is confident that it has star material under contract, every effort is made to indulge the fortunate 'find.' But it is probably equally true that stars who try to take advantage of the generosity of their bosses don't last."

That bit of philosophy, gentle reader, reminded me of a half-forgotten incident in the life of Ginger Rogers. Ginger was under contract to a major studio very early in her career. For months she did nothing but small bits. Finally she was given a song to sing in a production with a newly discovered star. Ginger proved sensational. The star, seeing her rushes, decided that she wanted no such competition from "any little snip of a newcomer." She ordered Ginger cut out of the film in no uncertain terms.

The studio could not afford to ignore the demand, having millions of dollars tied up in the star. Properly indignant, Ginger left the lot when her contract expired. A few months later she was a star in her own right. Respecting the laws of Hollywood and being a "right guy," Ginger has risen higher with every production until she is now one of the most important of all film figures. The temperamental actress whose selfishness hurt her rapidly faded into oblivion. She had forgotten that stars who try to take advantage of the generosity of their bosses don't last. Maybe she's learned *now*.

Joy Hodges has so far avoided the situation that that young lady got into. When Joy finished "I'd Rather be Right," she returned to Universal and reported for work. She was assigned to a class B production, "Personal Secretary." Acquaintances professed horror that she, a Broadway star, should be asked to do a class B picture. Many a player would have revolted at the assignment. But Joy felt that she needed an opportunity to feel her way before attempting too big a part. She knew the studio had the same thing in mind. Even though her picture was unimportant, she was given a class A wardrobe budget, every possible consideration and a charming dressing-room. She learned then the old Hollywood rule: *"The importance of a player can be judged by her dressing room."*

Joy sums up her attitude toward her work by saying: "Surely, it is foolhardy to try to break long-established customs. It is much simpler to try to play the game the way the really successful stars do. Every actress soon learns that *it is important to work hard, to be loyal to the studio, to avoid studio quarrels.*"

There, my little darlings, is a smart gal. Disputes with studios don't "put it in the bank" for anyone. Hard work is certainly an important element to success. As for the loyalty business—you know the story of Sarah Schwartz. She was a loyal person and she's probably worked more steadily and eaten more regularly than any other extra girl during the past twenty years. On the other side of the ledger, it is easy to see what happens to disloyal stars by considering the results of Warners' famous star raid on Paramount a few years back. Top-flight Paramount stars were offered plenty sheckels to move over to the Warner lot. Of the three who accepted, Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton soon found themselves on the scrapheap of stars that have been. Bill Powell alone remains.

Today, little Joy Hodges is on top of the heap. She appears in one of Universal's most important productions, "Service de Luxe." Already she is the center of all sorts of attention. She is surrounded by bowing, scraping sycophants; she is invited everywhere. When she enters a Hollywood nightclub, heads turn in her direction as they would at the approach of a queen. Every day she draws nearer to the top—nearer to all those things which make Hollywood the most fascinating city in the world: riches, social position, adulation. So long as she is obedient to the unwritten laws of Hollywood she may continue to live in that fabulous world of sleek cars, jewels, handsome suitors.

And if she disobeys those laws? Other stars who, in their day, were perhaps even greater than the Colberts, the Henies, the Loretta Youngs of today, are now humble extras and bit players. The unwritten laws of Hollywood have no exceptions; they apply equally to every studio employee, great or humble.

Eric Von Stroheim is in Europe. He was an extremely important man in Hollywood at one time. But he made a mistake. He thought he—the Great Von Stroheim—was above the code of the movies. Now he is making pictures on a continent where fighting is the order of the day. Wonder how he likes it?



Jane Withers in "The Arizona Wildcat." In spite of her tomboy antics Jane is turning into a pretty girl.

The Climate That Got a Press Agent

[*Continued from page* 19]

ful location. I want to give you a truthful picture of just how completely the motion picture industry, through its 30,000 constituents has fitted and rooted itself deeply in Southern California. I want you to know how we live and consequently how the industry endures throughout each season of the year.

Let's start with the season we are now in, which, by the way, is the only time of the year that could cause any serious complications in movie making. It doesn't, however, unless precedented rules are broken or chances are taken. Winter, or our rainy season, extends from the first of December to the last of February. And don't let "rainy season" mislead you, it doesn't rain all that time. In fact, we get our yearly rainfall in an average of fifteen days out of the 365. But, nevertheless, every precaution is taken not to allow even this limited hazard to lose any time or money. No big locations, that is those lasting two weeks or longer, are ever attempted during these months. They are shot before or after the rains. As is the case with M.G.M.'s "Northwest Passage." It is ready now but exterior shooting will be held until spring. However, day locations are scheduled and they are so planned that there can be no loss.

It is at this time of the year that the studios receive daily weather reports from the United States Weather Bureau and from private prognosticators who have proved themselves capable. No precaution is too small to be ignored. Everything is planned minutely.

Every assistant director knows that during this period he must, each day, when any outdoor work is contemplated, plan an alternate call. That is, when the next day's shooting problems are discussed with the director and the production manager and usually the producer, as they are at a meeting each day before 3 p.m., he must plan on and have ready to shoot, two distinct sequences.

The next day's outdoor work will go ahead as planned if all indications promise the almost inevitable sunny day. However, if the consensus of opinion in weather reports says that Southern California will be drenched with rain the next day, an interior sequence must be made ready to accommodate cast and director without any delay. There is no haphazard guesswork. It is all decided before 3 o'clock of every afternoon.

"Weather permitting" calls then go out to all extra talent that will be needed on the location and the studio is protected. If it should rain calls with the "weather permitting" clause are immediaely void and the extra gets only one-fourth of the check he would have received had he worked. However if the sun should be shining the next morning at 7 o'clock the day location company, with assurance from the weather men that the rain clouds have been blown away, starts out for a days work at some pre-arranged spot within two hours drive from the studio.

They may spend the day at the ocean or in some bosky dell in the rolling foothills. Their lunch has been ordered, their costumes will be there waiting for them, they will have pure, bottled drinking water. Every detail has been thought of.

Now let me explain about the rain. As you see by the statistics, the entire year's rainfall comes to Southern California in a very few days. When it rains here, literally it pours. Then immediately the sun is back again. There is no hanging on of drizzle for a week. It rains in earnest for a day or two and then there will be perfect sunshine for weeks before it rains again. But during this season precaution is never let down.

Now come the days that are short, of course, as winter days are, but warm enough to swim in your pool every day, although many are drained for two months or more. You can swim in the ocean, too, on any day if you like but I can assure you few people except tourists do, because it is not *the* thing at this season. Not, at least, with the movie crowd. This is the desert season. You swim now in emerald pools under a dazzling, desert sun: It is Palms Springs season. It is warmer there now than in Hollywood. The ocean is forgotten until next June. Flowers in Hollywood and Beverly Hills' gardens swarm in multi-colored profusion. Yes, roses, oleanders, hibiscus. Geraniums go wild and grow into good sized bushes. Christmas time brings a deluge of poinsettias. There are actually square blocks, acres of them. On New Year's Day comes the Pasadena Tournament of Roses with every flower in California right there along with the roses.

Yes, that's what it's like. The days are filled with a sunshine a little paler yellow than the brilliant sunshine of mid-summer but are warm and pleasant and, because all of Southern California is partial desert, there comes, at this time of the year, the cold of the desert night. As soon as the sun sets the temperature drops abruptly and the nights, now, seem cruelly cold. Actually the temperature seldom drops below 50 degrees. But it can slide 30 degrees in a few hours. This sudden change makes it easily possible to catch a cold and that's why this common lowly ailment can hold up production. The great sound stages can become extremely chilly during the night and early morning calls bring shivering stars and extras into these huge ice-boxes.

Now the rainy season is over and it is April Fool's Day. The rains are gone, finished. It will not rain again until next December. Now, for a short space, the foothills and the meadows are green. But the sun is climbing back up over the equator and bringing summer to the Northern Hemisphere and soon the increasing heat will turn the wide stretches of landscape a warm, tawny brown. It will stay that way until the rain once again gives it life. Now, the disappearance of the sun at the end of the day doesn't bring such a deep chill. These nights are filled with a soft, white fog. Its hazard to outside shooting is dispelled as quickly as the sun scatters the fleecy mass after a few hours of persistent shining. By 10 o'clock in the morning, except along the coast, the fog is dispersed. Now big locations can be planned. Now even the desert is afire with the colors of flowers. Now the studios can take whole companies far up into the high mountains and still find deep winter. They can photograph the still, silent beauty of pines in deep snow one day and the next can record on film an outrigger-canoe race on the beach at Catalina.

These are the things that keep the industry here. These are the things its 30,000 people take for granted, and which they are loath to leave, ever. It would be quite possible, as some one once remarked, for the mechanism that makes Hollywood click to be comfortably loaded into one hundred freight cars and transferred to any spot on the continent. That is quite true but where is the spot that has within a few hours travel, or a radius of two hundred miles, every conceivable contrast in weather and landscape. And where else would the industries' technicians be so well satisfied?

The spring months present no deep problems to the movie industry. If the days are still short that is remedied by the use of artificial light, just as, even in the middle of summer, no location company leaves the studio without its infinite variety of complicated lights and reflectors. The sun as a dependent means of light is relied on only to a small fraction of what it was in the infant days of the industry. The new, subtle, shadow and soft-high lighting photography demands complicated aids and an infinite technical knowledge. Old Sol simply sends down an ample, frank, substantial sunshine. I can assure you, though, he is not disregarded in the slightest. In fact, he is checked and charted in his course across the sky and he influences shooting in a variety of ways.

Let's take an imaginary day's location trip, now, in mid-summer and learn a little of what happens then. This is during the months of June, July and August.

The spot has been picked weeks before. All of its advantages and drawbacks are known. We know how far it is from the

highway and that it is not near any transcontinental airway with its buzz of passing planes. We know how far it is from the nearest telephone, drugstore, doctor, hospital. We know when the sun will rise, when it will set, and in what position in the sky it will be in regard to the setting that has been chosen. We know that at 9 o'clock in the morning the spot we will be using then will be partly in shadow. And we know exactly from which direction the shadows will start to lengthen later in the day. We know how many and what type of "booster" lights will be needed to solve all these problems. They are all there, the electricity is generated on the spot and everything is ready for the actual shooting. The day goes as smoothly as if we were at the studio. So you see why artificial light is necessary. It prolongs actual shooting time, it saves countless hours and an unbelievable number of dollars.

It is now, at this time of the year, that California takes on, for me, its deepest, unexplainable fascination. The wide, cloudless blue skies vault a slowed-down, sleepy season. Now, even the shrubs and trees burst into flower. Color is riotous everywhere. The sun rises a brilliant, fiery ball and the mountain peaks blur away in hazy heat, a dry intense heat, but not uncomfortable because of the lack of humidity. The great eucalyptus trees stand listless in their shaggy beauty. Dazzlingly white sails dot blue bays, winking in the sun.

The movie colony is now at the ocean. They are scattered from the southernmost smart spot at Coronado northward very nearly to San Francisco. The days are unbelievably soothing and restful. Now, the great sound stages are comfortable pools of deep, cool air. The thick padding for sound-proofing necessarily acts as an insulation against the heat and the newly-built stages are always cool just as they are, because of their construction, almost indestructible.

Even earthquakes present no hazard. Their great expanses of floor space are covered with roofs supported by arched steel girders which by necessity are made to carry not only the roof but all the extra weight of the equipment that is hung from the ceiling. This includes a great amount of the lighting, all the "cat-walks" and even parts of the settings. In the severest earthquake, because of their extra stability, the sound stages would be the least affected. At this time of the year we have our velvet-soft nights, never too warm, and filled with an exquisite, false-blue moonlight. It is a little later in the season that we have still another change.

Fall doesn't bring the movie industry and its people all the sad beauty it does the rest of the country. Very little of the vegetation dies. We have a sense of loss only in that the days get shorter and there is less time to spend in the sun.

During September, October and November the atmosphere loses its heat haze and you can see incredible distances. The mountains seem to creep very close and the foothills fold themselves in repose at their feet. The air is clear and the lack of humidity gives it an exhilarating delight. With these few changes this perpetual summer goes on and on, giving from season to season much opportunity and variety in both work and play. It puts such unparalleled contrasts at your finger tips. It takes hold of you. It sinks deep into your heart and holds you relentlessly. It gives California that enviable position of being always steeped in a fascinating curiosity.

I think people here in the industry are amazed sometimes when they realize how, with all that California has to offer, so little of it is really used. It is a statistically-proved fact that only 20% of scenes in present pictures are exteriors. Interiors comprise 80% of all shooting. Then it must be explained and remembered that all exteriors are not actual outdoor shots. Today even complicated exteriors can be recreated on great inside stages with real trees, real lakes, with backdrops of pre-photographed real scenery and the movie going public never knows the difference. It is done so expertly that the illusion cannot be found lacking.

In "Gunga Din," for instance, numbers of the smaller, intimate outdoor scenes were shot on stages with the pre-photographed mountain settings used as a backdrop. No one could detect a flaw, see if you can when you see it, or question the authenticity because the immediate background is real? The deep, dusty earth and the tons of rock are real, only the distant background is a cyclorama, a greatly enlarged picture of the setting in which the spectacular, real, long-shots were taken. The setting is recreated on inside stages to make location trips shorter and save time and money.

It is a stupendous art, this, our industry. And it brings together a rich blending of



Merle Oberon relaxing on her garden wall at Santa Monica. Next she will be seen in "Wuthering Heights."

artists. It makes Hollywood an alive and exciting place to live in. It's amazing to consider what our superlative climate as the original impetus has developed. Now, our country's most famous writers and musicians live here. The entire world copies the fashions that are originated here and apes our easy informality of manner and our clothes. It is the most interesting and curious center in the world. The industry lured its technicians here originally and in the turmoil of its sincere effort to please it has developed many of its own, but it is the sublime year around comfort that keeps them here—completely happy and satisfied. Nowhere else in the world is there such a cosmopolitan group of people living under such ideal conditions and working in an industry more fascinating.

Now do you know a little of what it must be like to live in Hollywood? Can you blame any one of the 30,000 people who are privileged to work here for being enthusiastic?

———

Enter the contest on Page 59, and write a letter of constructive criticism about the movies. $50.00 offered for the best letter.

Glenda's Castle

[*Continued from page 23*]

(*This article cannot be quoted whole or in part without signed permission.*)

But the pink-and-ivory bath contained a real luxury. A movable, wooden tray which fitted over the tub with a mirror affixed. "I simply lie in warm water and bask and put my make-up on then and there," Glenda confided. "I've been threatening for months to have my breakfast served on that tray but I haven't quite come to that.

"If you'll come back to the kitchen, I'll make you a sandwich."

This was a mere excuse. Glenda loves her kitchen, loves to cook, loves to talk about home-making and entertaining. She is proud of the fact that she can whip up a meal on short notice.

While she was spreading something delectable on bread, she prattled, "You know, it isn't a real home at all if you have to worry about feeding people or making them comfortable. I keep only two servants —a cook and a combination houseman and chauffeur. I usually drive myself but there are times, of course, when that isn't very sensible. I have a Cord sedan which answers either purpose—I can be the modern, independent, self-driving woman, or I can be grand and be driven here and there!

"My house is right at the crossroads of this part of the Valley—the strategic spot at which everyone who is going to get lost, looking for someone, finally decides to borrow a telephone. They borrow mine. Bother me? Not at all. If they are pleasant and especially if they admire my cats, I usually ask them to stay to lunch. But you can't be impetuous with your kitchen arrangements in that manner unless you plan your kitchen for it. Look!"

She opened another cupboard door to show me the most enticing array of canned goods. Lots of them looked like home to me. Some of them I hadn't met before.

"Soups!" she said. "You can always build a lunch or a supper around a soup. And it's silly now-a-days for anyone to bother to make soup at home. Campbells, Heinz, Cross and Blackwell—they're all good. One firm makes a kind of soup that the others don't. If you will just take time to look around the grocers' shelves you'll find every kind you ever heard of and some that you haven't. There are myriads of sandwich spreads and potted meats and canned fish. And sauces! Ketchup (I use Heinz'), Lea and Perrins, Escoffier. . . ."

"You sound like a lecturer on domestic science," I pointed out.

"I feel like one," she retorted. "I think food is exciting and important. Cheese, for instance. I hope you know about Kraft's cheeses?" She looked pretty withering and I nodded, hastily.

"Aren't they the people who talk about 'cookability'?" I inquired. "I've always liked that word, 'cookability.' It seems to roll off the tongue. . . "

She ignored my facetiousness and proceeded, "Last winter when we had the flood and no one could get anywhere for *days*—especially here in the Valley with bridges washed out and roads all torn up—that shelf was a life-saver."

She was so doggoned earnest that I had another look. Del Monte fruits and vegetables, Dole pineapple, Bovril. I had my notebook out and was making a list for future, personal use.

She relaxed suddenly and giggled, "I'm so sold on canned goods that I named my dog 'Heinzie.' He's a mongrel, you see, and I'm certain that he contains at least 57 varieties! Come on out on the terrace and we'll eat our sandwiches."

At 122 Degrees!

[*Continued from page* 17]

Jordan and Bernard Punsley, the youngest of the "Dead Enders." She is giving them French lessons. California law requires each studio to have a permanent teacher. Miss Horne has been on the job at Warners for years. She's a slim, graceful blonde.

John Garfield, resuming his helmet and veil after a scene, comes over and joins us in a camp chair placed in the shade of one of the palms and in the breeze of one of the giant fans. He is still amazed, and somewhat uncomprehending, about his sensational career in pictures. This is just his third, you know.

It is only a few months ago since he arrived in Hollywood from the New York stage, unheard of so far as pictures were concerned. Then, overnight, he became the talk of the town because of his magnificent portrayal of Mickey the musician in "Four Daughters." He was, as Hollywood puts it, simply terrific! Then he was given the lead in "Blackwell's Island," a prison tale. His part was rewritten and built up from its original status, to make it more worthy of his talents. That's a thing that isn't often done. And now he has the lead again in this picture we're working on.

Garfield is still quite loyal to the stage despite his vastly increased income from the movies. When he signed the Warner contract he stipulated that he must be permitted to return to New York once a year to work behind the footlights.

He's still unspoiled by his success. Most of the boys and girls who shoot up fast really are spoiled. But not Johnnie. He thinks it's more or less of a miracle that's happened to him. He's living very modestly in a rented Hollywood house with his wife, Roberta Mann, a non-professional. He's dark-haired, brown-eyed, not at all handsome, and is somewhat shorter than the average film star, standing only 5 feet 9 as against the 6 feet 2 or more of his fellow-Warnerites, such as Errol Flynn and Wayne Morris. But he's dynamic, and when you see him on the screen you almost forget that anybody else is up there playing the scene with him. Living and breathing and actually feeling the personality of the individual you're portraying is the secret of good acting and the only thing that makes acting good, Garfield thinks. Warners believe they have another Paul Muni in John. If they have, they have a fortune.

"This 'out-on-location' stuff is really fascinating to me," Garfield volunteered. "It's my first location trip, you know. I made a few notes about our journey down here from the studio—things I want to tell the stage fellows when I get back to New York. We drove at night, to take advantage of the cool air, and it chanced to be under a gorgeous harvest moon. It's about 150 miles.

"We started away from Hollywood in a lengthy motorcade. There was at the head of the line a sound-truck, carrying the dialogue-recording apparatus, and then a generator-truck to develop the necessary electricity. And a camera-truck, and then several more big 5-tonners that transported the lights and properties. There were three huge busses, each carrying twenty-five or thirty extra players, and seven company cars for the principals in the cast. And a wardrobe truck carrying our costumes, and then three station-wagons. The function of one of these, I learned, was to carry back each night the film we shoot during the day, so it may be developed and printed and viewed by the executives in the studio projection-room.

"I'm enjoying it, in spite of the bugs and the heat. Do you know, the intensity of the heat is so great that our perspiration dries out a lot of the salt that is necessary for the human body? The result is that we're all taking, every once in a while, 5-grain tablets of sodium chloride, to replace the lost salt. Little Bobby Jordan fainted from the heat the other day, and had to have a whole quart of saline solution injected into his veins over at the hospital in Indio. But it's all great stuff, anyhow!"

Garfield takes off his helmet and veil and makes one more scene. By now the day has wheeled about until it's after 12 noon, and in this territory and this torridity quitting time is at 1. We're going back to the Del Tahquitz in Palm Springs and dive into the swimming pool. There isn't anything else to do over there in this season of the year. We won't even see the one-time brunette star, Fritzie Ridgeway, who used to own the place and made nice Tom Collinses for visitors. Fritzie isn't there any more.

In a couple of days we'll be back in Hollywood. There's a lot of "They Made Me A Criminal" still to be shot, away from the date garden. Garfield has two big fight scenes to make, one with a professional named Frank Rossi, the other with the former welterweight champion, Mushy Callahan. Mushy is now a head property man for Warners—and he can still fight. He trains all the Warner stars for fistic scenes. But Johnnie Garfield isn't a bad boxer himself. He fought in several Golden Glove tourneys in the East.

From what we've seen and read about "They Made Me A Criminal," it seems like a great show, well worth the seeing. It was hot once, anyhow!

Voices In The Night

[*Continued from page* 27]

about $5,000 a year. The junior staff announcers, the boys just learning the busines, get about $2,000 a year.

The second group is composed of former staff men who have cut loose from network connections to concentrate on commercial programs only. These free-lance announcers include McNamee, Jimmy Wallington, Don Wilson, Paul Douglas, Andre Baruch, Fred Uttal and Dan Seymour. Each network maintains an artists' service bureau which acts as manager and booking agent for the various kinds of talent necessary to round out a radio show. When announcers went into the artist category, this bureau took over their bookings on commercials. Staff men are under contract to their own network's bureau only, but free-lances take assignments from both bureaus and it is not unusual for them to preside over CBS and NBC shows all in the same day.

When it comes to fees for commercial programs, the staff and free-lance announcer may be listed as an artist but he is business-man enough to want a contract for as much as he can get for the series. About the lowest rate is $25 per broadcast for a fifteen-minute day-time show and that's for reading the commercial blurb only. Still, if the show goes on five times a week, it brings in a tidy sum. And if called upon he could easily do four such shows a day without having rehearsal and broadcast time conflict. Of course the men who pilot the star-studded, once-a-week half hour and hour evening broadcasts and who officiate not only as announcer but also take a prominent part in the show itself, usually as heckler or stooge, naturally are able to ask for and get a great deal more; anywhere from $300 to $500 and more per broadcast. Which isn't exactly hay for a night's work, and who ever did say that talk was cheap. Yes indeed, announcers are getting in on both the glory and the gravy of full-fledged artists.

And for those who have other talents, radio offers many outlets. Some, like Dan Seymour and Fred Uttal, have written radio shows which they sold for good prices. Ben Grauer, who functions on the Walter Winchell program, took over the show when Winchell vacationed and produced a quiz program on which he was master of ceremonies and someone else did the commercials. A great many others, having learned most of the ropes, used announcing as a stepping stone to jobs as advertising agency executives, program producers, and radio station officials. It is to fill the ranks depleted for such causes that there is a continuous search for good announcers.

Why, even the movies have staked a claim on several. Wallington has appeared with Eddie Cantor in several pictures, Ken Niles portrayed himself when Warners filmed his Hollywood Hotel program, and when Ted Pearson isn't busy getting Fannie "Baby Snooks" Brice out of mischief at the mike, he checks in at MGM as a contract player. Grauer, Uttal and Ford Bond have acted as narrator for many travelogues, but perhaps the best known voices that come to you from the screen are those of Ted Husing, Graham McNamee and Andre Baruch who act as spokesmen for various newsreels. If the voice in the trailer that tries to entice you back to the movies by showing you scenes from the coming feature picture sounds familiar, don't let it puzzle you. It is a familiar voice. It's merely a radio announcer trying to talk you into seeing the picture by using the same vocal charm that sells you on his sponsor's product.

It's no wonder that so many young men want to be radio announcers. Just as many young women have the same ambition, and here's the spot to tell you why they can't realize it. It seems that no woman has been found whose voice is consistently pleasing to wide radio audiences. When women announcers have been tried now and then it was found that listeners-in just don't like them for a steady diet because they tire quickly of their high-pitched tones. Occasionally a sponsor will draft a radio actress to act as narrator for his program but such jobs are few and far-between and so the networks do not employ women as staff announcers. So sorry, girls.

Do you understand now what we meant when we said that there is more to being an announcer than meets the casual ear? Staff men not only do commercials for good fees, but they also are right in the thick of things and see front-page news in the making. When necessary, from airplane, submarine or boat deck they will set up a mike to bring you news of the world and draw you word pictures of catastrophes, public celebrations and sports events. To get into this charmed circle you not only have got to have the goods but be able to deliver effectively. If you can, there's a mike waiting for you. How do I know? I have it direct from NBC chief announcer Pat Kelly, who declares: "In this world it is easy to find dozens of good singers, dozens of good musicians, dozens of good comedians. But it's awfully hard—and I know because I've tried—to find just one good announcer for each dozen of those other folks."

From which we would conclude that being a radio announcer is nice work—if it gets you!

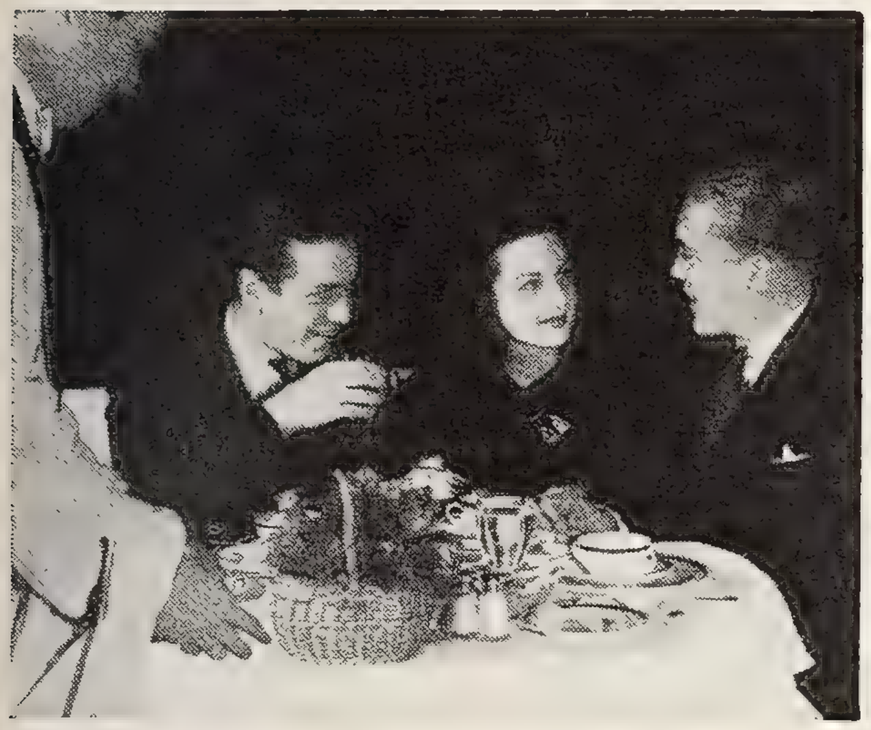
After being chased by a dog for a scene in "Idiots Delight," Clark Gable told Carole Lombard: "The dog seemed disappointed that he didn't get to bite me. I guess he likes ham."

Life's a Whirl!





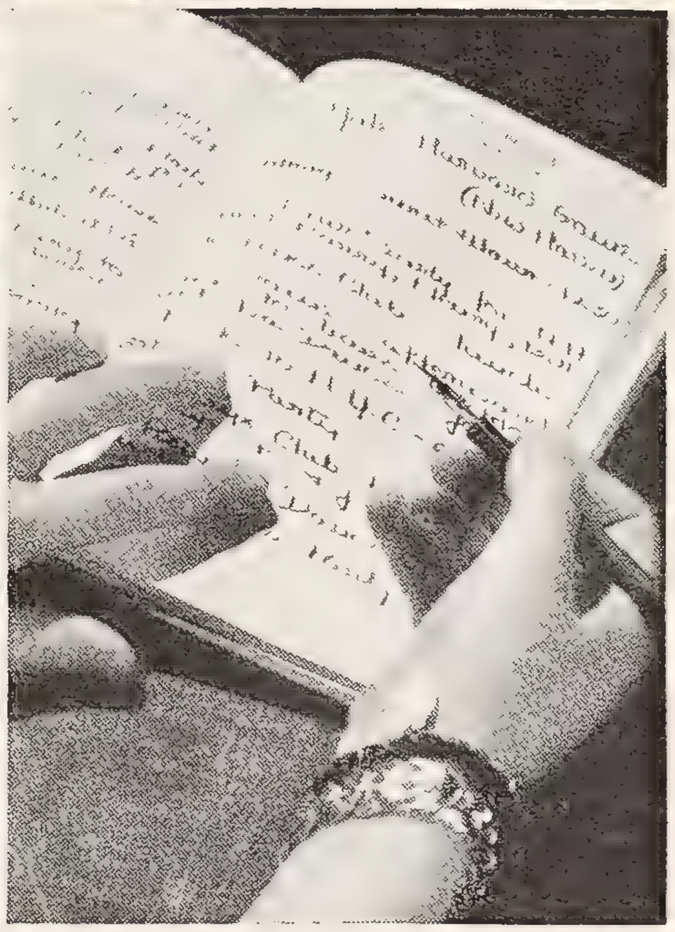
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*



In New York's Fashionable Stork Club—Brenda Frazier adds gaiety and charm to the luncheon hour. Like most of her crowd, she follows the new code of extra skin care—creams **"skin-vitamin"** into her skin with Pond's.



Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's.** "I believe in it," she says.



White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."



Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus."**



In Pond's Laboratory — Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



Richard Greene and Loretta Young in "Kentucky," a regular Seabiscuit of a picture.

Retakes for Luck

[*Continued from page* 21]

made in order to 'point up' a scene so that it may be more effective. Or they may be made to 'fatten' an actor's part because the player has proved to be much better in that part than anticipated.

"Again," Mr. Lloyd continued, "it may be to keep a player 'in character.' As you know, a picture is seldom shot in continuity and when various sequences filmed out of order are put together, it may be found that the player's characterization is not sustained in minor details as the story unfolds.

"Sometimes, too," Mr. Lloyd said, "they are made because it has been necessary to replace a player who may have been forced to withdraw from the cast because of illness, the desirability of replacing a happy ending with an unhappy one, or vice versa; or to combine a number of scenes into one so that the picture may be cut down to release length without being marred by abrupt breaks between sequences."

In any event, retakes are usually decided on by the head of the studio or the director, and sometimes even the cameraman, in order to improve the photography in certain scenes, usually after the day's "rushes" (these are the scenes which have been shot during the day) have been seen in the projection room, according to Harry Joe Brown.

On the other hand, according to Robert Z. Leonard, and W. S. Van Dyke, most retakes are decided upon after a preview audience has expressed its opinion of the film before it is generally released throughout the country. It is interesting to note how important audience reactions are, and how carefully they are studied and followed by studio executives in an effort to give the Cash Customers an entertainment as nearly perfect as it can be.

However, the reasons are almost as numerous as there are retakes. For instance, in the case of Arleen Whelan, 20th Century-Fox appropriated $100,000 in advance for retakes on "Kidnapped," her first movie, because the studio heads realized—or hoped—she would improve so greatly during the shooting schedule, that her first scenes would have to be done over again.

As a matter of fact, I have it on Harry Joe Brown's authority that Marjorie Weaver, another Fox star, was able to better her scenes so much during the film of "Second Honeymoon," that as a result of the retakes which were made in this film she was able to achieve top billing.

Another instance of a star who profited by retakes is Clark Gable. After the preview of "Dance, Fools, Dance," starring Joan Crawford, Gable proved such a hit in the role of the gangster that his part was built up tremendously. As a result of his success in that film he made twelve other pictures the same year.

Sometimes little incidents, unknown at the time a film is in the making, but revealed when the rushes are shown, are responsible for retakes. For instance, in "Cafe Metropole" Adolphe Menjou had to re-enact a lengthy and difficult scene because of a fly buzzing around his head. Neither Menjou nor the director knew at the time that the fly was there, but when the rushes were shown, the pest was quite evident.

In "Ali Baba Goes to Town," when one of the mob scene rushes was shown after the day's shooting had been completed, it was discovered that one of the extras was wearing spectacles—and the period of the film was Bagdad of the 10th Century!

And for the biggest laugh of all, it appears that a dinner scene between Annabella and William Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler" had to be retaken because, of all things, the real food on the table didn't look real enough.

Not only do retakes very often make a star out of some small part player, they often change the whole theme of a film. For instance, it is Clarence Brown's contention that the retakes made on "Love on the Run" changed the entertainment from a satire to a burlesque and Metro officials now admit that a very important motif in the theme of "The Big House" was changed by retakes virtually demanded by preview audiences.

In the original version, Madge Evans was Robert Montgomery's sweetheart, but audiences didn't like the idea of her stepping out with another man while Montgomery was in jail, so their entire relationship was changed and Miss Evans became Montgomery's sister instead of his best gal.

To W. S. Van Dyke, retakes are to a film what editing and copyreading are to a newspaper story. They involve a polishing job. Consequently, most stars hold themselves available for retakes after a production has been completed.

However, very often a star leaves Hollywood for a vacation and must be recalled suddenly to the studio. Tyrone Power, for instance, went to Mexico City after completing work in "Suez," in which he is featured with Annabella and Loretta Young, and had to leave the Mexican capitol on 12 hours notice in order to get back to the studio for retakes on the sand tornado scenes.

As a result of this, Annabella was kept in Hollywood for three weeks after her scenes were completed, while each scene was inspected closely to make certain no retakes were necessary. Only then did the studio allow her to leave for France.

Sometimes, too, when a star goes immediately into another picture after completing one, entire shooting schedules have to be re-arranged as in the instance of young Freddie Bartholomew, who was working in Metro's "Lord Jeff" when he was recalled for retakes on "Kidnapped" by Fox.

So the next time you see a motion picture you think is perfect, remember that its perfection may be due to a six-letter word—retake—a word, incidentally, which has probably caused more grief and joy than any other six-letter word in the cinema's vocabulary.

Movie Plots Come Home to Roost

[*Continued from page* 13]

without losing several great box-office names. It has not been uncommon for the industry to be crippled in a single year by the deaths of such potent box-office figures as Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow, impossible to replace. This year, Hollywood was luckier, and the industry moves into the new cycle with man-power at full strength. In addition, the past year has launched a whole new crop of star-material.

You'll find, in the 1939 programs of the various studios, that simplicity and believability will be the yardstick. Script writers will come down out of the clouds and write dialogue that ordinary human beings use. Directors will abandon whimsy and pay more attention to believable situations. Producers will be less concerned with cost and cast and more concerned with the story.

Because the Judge Hardy series proved something else, too, of vast importance. It proved that Hollywood's star system was as extinct as the dodo. The fans no longer ask WHO is in the picture. They ask WHAT is the picture about! No longer can Hollywood sell a bad picture on a great cast, but they can sell a great picture with an average cast. The success of "Four Daughters" proved this beyond a shadow of a doubt. Here, again, you had a down-to-earth story that had general appeal, with comparatively unknown Priscilla Lane turning in one of the fine dramatic portrayals of the year.

There were other youngsters, like Priscilla Lane, who established themselves securely in the past twelve months. England's Robert Morley cracked through to popular favor in "Marie Antoinette." John Garfield, from the New York Group Theatre, won attention because of his fine work in "Four Daughters." Mickey Rooney and Deanna Durbin, of the younger players, solidified themselves in movie favor. Jimmy Stewart made tremendous strides forward. Alice Faye showed unsuspected dramatic possibilities in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Richard Greene clicked. Bob Hope appeared on the Paramount musical horizon. Young Lucille Ball showed a flair for comedy that moves her toward the higher brackets. Ann Sheridan exhibited promise. Nancy Kelly bobbed up at 20th Century-Fox, which has lacked a dramtic actress of her type. Anita Louise

developed into a competent young actress. Lew Ayres scored a stunning comeback. Ellen Drew arrived.

Outstanding newcomers of 1938 however were two foreign-born girls, Hedy Lamarr and Danielle Darrieux. The Lamarr eyeful easily is the most gorgeous creature to appear before the camera since the early days of Marlene Dietrich. Miss Darrieux, with greater resources from which to draw, is an important addition to the Hollywood colony.

The appearance of all of these new faces is the most heartening thing that has happened to the movies in some seasons. The fans wanted new personalities. Theater exhibitors wanted them, too, to stimulate interest in movie-going. To get a dozen in one season was a stroke of rare luck, and compensates for the loss of Dietrich, Kay Francis, Simone Simon, Arleen Whalen and others who had been counted upon to hold their places or fill the gap created by retirements.

If the threat of war forced the major companies to take careful inventory, it also persuaded them to accomplish one tremendously beneficial reform. That was, the abolition of the stock companies that cluttered up every lot, adding enormously to the overhead of companies, and preventing worthy youngsters from winning a hearing. The abolition of stock companies sends all of the majors into 1939 in a healthier financial position, and it opens wide the gates to young performers who have something on the ball. Under the stock company system, the doors were closed to outsiders as producers used their stock players to fill roles. It was a vicious cycle that benefited nobody. The ones who were directly hurt were the movie fans, because it was your money that went to support the luxury of stock companies.

It is interesting, now that the old year is ended, to examine the pictures that rolled up the record grosses. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was a new treatment of a musical picture, with a simple story holding together a framework of melody and action. "Adventures of Robin Hood" was a cowboys-and-Indian story handsomely mounted. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was Disney at his prolific best. "Algiers" was a detective story mounted in a foreign setting, with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer teaming brilliantly. "You Can't Take It With You" was a philosophical document keyed to the times and directed by Capra. "Boys' Town" was emotional. "Jezebel" cashed in on the "Gone With the Wind" publicity and the fine performance of Bette Davis.

There were a lot of costume pictures attempted. The only one that came off handsomely was Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette."

"Test Pilot" proved that there is no substitute for action on the screen. This saga of the skies, brilliantly directed by Victor Fleming, who also turned out "Captains Courageous," emphasized action and love—and those two elements always have been box-office. The Robinson and Cagney pictures proved there's always a market for gunplay.

Definitely affecting the 1939 product is the chaotic state of the European market. With Germany, Spain, and Italy almost completely removed as possible markets, you will find that the movies are turning more and more to American scenes for plot inspiration. With the necessity to cater to foreign markets diminished constantly, the United States market becomes increasingly important.

It should be a great year for the movies, 1939. To borrow the age-old prediction of the racetrack handicapper: "Weather Clear, Track Fast." It should be an historic year, too. You'll finally see "Gone With the Wind."

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Party Menus for New Year's Eve

[*Continued from page* 57]

private recipe . . . be that as it may, the results are entirely satisfactory.

While we're on the subject, the same Gingerbread Mix can be used for a delightful upside down cake. And, it's new. Fruit cake, either plain or frosted, is always a good stand-by.

GINGER-PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Mix ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup butter. Melt in saucepan and pour in bottom of Pyrex baking dish. Add a layer of drained, crushed pineapple and pour over this the gingerbread mixture. Cook in moderate oven (375° F.) 40 or 45 minutes. Unmold on cake plate, dot pineapple with whole or halved almonds, and frost around edges with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Don't forget canapés! They are at their best passed around with cocktails before actual eating begins. For an assortment of hot appetizers try French fried anchovies, cheese cones, and shrimps. Make them by dipping the pieces first in cracker or fine bread crumbs, then in 1 egg and 1 tablespoon of cold water lightly beaten with a fork, and again in crumbs. Use 2 plates for crumbs and 1 for egg mixture, and use 1 hand for dipping in egg and the other for dipping in crumbs. It is less messy. Shrimps should be patted dry on absorbent paper and *first* rolling is in flour instead of crumbs. Cook in deep fat until light brown.

CHEESE CONES

Combine ½ cup bread crumbs, ½ cup grated Kraft's American cheese with a slightly beaten egg. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, dash paprika, and a few drops Tabasco. Shape in small cones, dip as directed above and fry in deep fat (about 385° F.) about 1 minute. Delightful served individually on tooth picks or as a salad accompaniment.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 quart of oysters
1 pint cream
¼ cup butter
¼ teaspoon paprika
1¼ pints finely rolled crackers
1 pint milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped pimiento

This is a grand dish at this season of the year for your buffet supper, for oysters are at their best. Heat cream and milk to scalding temperature. Arrange crackers and oysters in alternate layers in buttered baking dish, adding a sprinkling of salt and paprika and a little cream and milk to each layer. Top with crackers, melted butter, and pimiento. This amount serves 6 people.

CHICKEN CONTINENTAL

1 four pound fowl
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 small onion, sliced
4 tablespoons Heckers Flour
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
2 slices crisp bacon
½ cup White Rose mushrooms

Cook fowl in boiling water, salted, until tender. Cool. Cut from bones in fairly large pieces, fry in shallow Crisco until delicately browned. Heat Crisco and sauté onions until brown. Add flour and broth, stir until smooth. Add tomatoes, salt, peper, cayenne and bacon cut in pieces. Put chicken in sauce and add sautéd mushrooms. Cook 10 minutes. Keep warm in electric casserole or chafing dish until ready to serve. Pour into patty shells.

There must, of course, be lots and lots of fragrant coffee, dated for freshness, and with the electrical appliances for making and keeping it warm this should be easy. Or you might prefer to serve that long popular drink among Oxford students—Shandigaff. It consists of equal parts of Guinness' Stout and Hoffman Gingerale, or more or less of each, as you please.

Be sure and have a platter of cold assorted meats. For this you will need an especially fine relish. My favorite requires no cooking, is easily made, and can be made in quantity for future use by sealing in sterilized jars with paraffin. This aristocrat of relishes is particularly good with all meats . . . hot or cold. It is—

CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

Put 1 pound Eatmore Cranberries through food chopper. Peel 2 oranges, remove seeds and put rind and oranges through chopper. Mix with berries and 2 cups sugar. Let stand a few hours before serving. Here is a grand salad in which relish can be used.

BUFFET SALAD

1 package Knox Lemon Jell
½ cup cold water
1 cup Cranberry-Orange Relish
1 cup boiling water
⅛ teaspoon salt
¾ cup diced celery

Dissolve Jell in boiling water; add cold water and salt and chill until beginning to set. Add relish and celery, transfer to one large or individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. There must always be a variety of salads, pickles, olives and celery for the party. They are the best kind of appetite teasers.

A happy new year to you all.

This Nail-Splitting Question

[*Continued from page* 56]

at your fingertips, indeed! Beautiful tones with the lustre and clarity of jewels. Another tip—if you leave your Revlon polish unstoppered and it thickens, don't give up. Revlon Nail Enamel Solvent saves the day. This is a thinner for nail enamel, and saves many a bottle otherwise lost through carelessness. Revlon also makes good polish remover pads.

Some of you may welcome word that Peggy Sage's lovely polishes now cost considerably less than formerly, though this change happened some months ago. Satin-base, in this case a cloudy pink, gives a perfect base for the polish. Vintage and Regency are two of Miss Sage's newest tones.

By the time you read this, there will be a brand new polish available in ten smart colors—Seven Day Cream Polish, by Lady Esther. If you like to try things, somewhere in this magazine you'll find a page telling you more about the polish and with fascinating colored cut-outs to be tried on over your own nails. You'll enjoy finding out what really *is* your shade.

Another good, long-wearing polish I've come across is Dura-Gloss, with a most ingenious tester bottle. On the stopper is a nail-like device, showing exactly the tone of the polish on the nail. The bottle enables you to test color easily. This polish wears

very well, the colors are lovely and, as you might guess, it has a high gloss.

If, when you read this, you decide upon a manicure at once, but find you have nothing at hand of a protecting nature, if your nails are cutting up, try this good old home remedy. Warm a little olive oil and soak your finger tips in this for five or ten minutes. It's very helpful. Remove polish first, of course, and wash well before applying new lacquer.

Most of the people I've mentioned make nail or cuticle oil or cream for general softening of cuticle and conditioning of nails. A little applied at bedtime keeps nails and cuticle in good order and is a "must" for real beauty.

Two tips from Hollywood: Keep in your desk drawer a whitening pencil and an extra bottle of the polish you use. The polish can mend a little chip or peel, if you're off from the office to a Big Date. The whitening pencil run under nails removes stains left by ink, carbon paper, etc.

Take pains and pride in maintaining good physical condition; use some of these truly protective aids for your nails, and I think you'll find your nail problem solved.

Flashshots

[*Continued from page* 15]

those myriad drops of diamonds and rubies about her neck were as made of tears.

But Lupe was a really good sport and for ten uncomplaining nights sallied out in other simple furs such as blue fox, silver fox or ermine. She's made a great personal success in the Cole Porter show, "You Never Know," and with her amazing vitality goes on almost nightly to parties in her honor.

One Sunday night at El Morocco Billy Seymour of Hollywood introduced her to to the Blair Brothers from Palm Beach. The Blair Brothers are identical twins, six feet three inches tall; the girls find them extremely good looking, and they are good talkers to boot. As they are on the Palm Beach Motorcycle Squad and know everyone, they are known as the social cops. They come to New York once a year for a vacation and see everyone and are entertained by everyone—Woolly Donohue, Mrs. Wanamaker Munn, Charlie Amory, Ethel Merman and no end of others. You can tell by the expression on Lupe's face that she is fascinated by a "tall one" by Jack Blair.

Miriam Hopkins and her husband, Anatole Litvak, who seem like an extremely happily married couple, were out on the town one or two nights while vacationing in New York. Miriam used to hate snapshots but now she's a pretty good sport about it, and just asks you not to print it "if I look too awful." One of their great friends is the scenic designer, Norman Bel Geddes, and they were celebrating his birthday with a glass of wine when I took the snapshot of them.

For those who found the "Big Apple" a pound of over-exertion, the "Lambeth Walk" has been a great relief, for it is really lilting simplicity itself. Mary Brian and Ernest Rice were doing the old swing around step, while Henry Armetta was so overwhelmed with the exultancy of his "Oi" that he completely forgot his bewildered partner. Nothing in the world is so much fun as to watch the novice trying to do a new dance. The two this year are "The Lambeth Walk" from England and "The Samba" from Brazil.

Rosalind Russell came in one evening looking extremely lovely and, well—different. She had on the darndest get-up and, at the same time, it was most becoming. First there was a long coat fairly full in skirt, and very full in sleeves which were caught at the wrist. No collar, just a roll neckline and the material a light off-yellow wool. The head dress might have been copied from a Tuscan peasant woman's holiday garb . . . boxed along the top in front and at the sides it was embroidered in rust, ginger and gold, and the back fell in folds, to be caught up at the neckline. Some describing, huh! Rosalind herself is one of the most charming, natural and unspoiled people, and is ever anxious and eager to hear what others are accomplishing rather than to talk about herself. That rich quality of her voice gives it tremendous warmth and easily commands attention.

The Stuart Erwins (June Collyer) were busy doing the town and chaperoning socialite Harold Meenan, whose fiancee was away. Unless I'm very much mistaken Stu Erwin has put on an extra six or eight pounds lately and maybe that accounted for his constant dancing.

And since it seemed to be the season for married couples, "Queen Victoria" Helen Hayes came in, after a performance, with her author-husband, Charles MacArthur, for some scrambled eggs and coffee. Sticking to the Victorian tradition, Helen? When I started to take a picture, Charley put his feet up on the chair in front of him. "Got to be informal for Jerry," he said solemnly.

Two weeks ago I saw Gloria Swanson with not only a muff of sable but her hat as well. Her coat was heavy sable-colored wool. Gloria always seems to have a beat on the rest of the girls in these little foibles. And what a swell egg she is. As I write this, sitting up in bed at three o'clock in the morning at a New York hospital, with a temperature that has several times in the week reached one hundred and four, from some damn flu germ the doctors can't yet isolate, I think of Gloria as one of the few who has been daily calling with interest and sympathy. In the madhouse in which we New Yorkers live, this indeed means a good deal.

Misses of the Month

One evening they told me at El Morocco that Bing Crosby and his wife were dancing so I left my Dumb and Lovely, got my camera and went a-gunning. Crosby saw me as I started towards the crowded floor and with the most adroit manoeuvering I've even seen, managed to keep the back of his neck to the camera the entire time. No matter what new angle I approached he'd give me the back. Once when he was next to me I asked for at least a profile. No response. As the back of his neck wasn't particularly hot news and it didn't really matter much, I soon gave up and rejoined my D. and L. I assured her Mr. Crosby's picture wasn't worth all that trouble and then she ventured: "Ah, perhaps he wouldn't turn his head cause he didn't have his transformation on." "Keep quiet, dumb one, he doesn't wear a transformation."

The other miss was a bad miss, for it was missing Chester Morris. We'd made an appointment at the theatre he was playing in for a quarter before noon, an unheard of early hour for me who never gets to bed before four-thirty. This meant I had to be up by ten-thirty for breakfast and get way across town in time. But hell and high water, I did it. At the theatre there was a note. "Mr. Morris is sorry he cannot see Mr. Zerbe. There has been an unexpected radio rehearsal." When will the movie people learn that people established in New York can be found in the 'phone book, and, being in their own fields as busy as the stars, expect the same courtesy from them that they themselves show.

Some day I'll tell you a not very flattering story on Norma Shearer in the matter of courtesy.



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Home Among the Gadgets

[*Continued from page* 30]

hour for little Norman Powell. And Dick installed a microphone in the nursery and a loudspeaker in every room in his home because of the new baby. When the baby cries, they will know it immediately, wherever they are in the house. Of course it's none of my business, but I think Dick has let himself in for many a sleepless night!

Now back to wifie Joan, whose latest gadget is novel and clever. It is a meal selector, which operates like a slot machine and offers more than 500 dietetically correct food combinations. Joan says it solves the everpresent housewifely problem of what to have for dinner.

One of the first things Dick will show you when you go a-visiting the Powells is the swimming pool. His has a bank of ultra-violet ray lamps underneath the water line of the pool which heats the water to the desired temperature for night bathing during chilly weather. Comfort to the 'nth degree.

What is perhaps the last word in dog boudoirs is that recently built by Mary Boland in her new Beverly Hills home. The tiny room is occupied by Mary's pet Pekingese; one black, one white and one golden-haired. Each of the little canines has its own bed—an actual bed with mattress, sheets, et al. Also there are photographs of their many dog friends framed and hung on the wall and autographed with said friends' paws. Who said a dog's life was a tough one?

Here are a couple of interior decoration hints for you gleaned from star abodes. Olivia de Havilland is mad about perfume plaques. She has these bright little pictures of flowers hung up in every room. They are treated so they give off a delicate floral fragrance for an indefinite period. Cute?

Barbart Stanwyck has solved the perplexing problem of what to do with a fireplace in the good old summer time. Barbara grew tired of looking at the black walls of the fireplace in her home and experimented by placing potted tropical flowers in the hearth. And now there's a riot of color to greet you when you enter Barbara's living room.

You'd like Claudette Colbert's house. It's as smart and modern as Claudette herself. While Claudette was vacationing in Europe her upstairs sitting-room pictures were reframed and the results are really lovely and worth following. The room is pale yellow (in contrast to Claudette's dark beauty) and the new frames are pale, silvery tin. The tin has a dull finish and the frames are like borders, with the sides missing! The glass used is bevel-edged and the effect is a cool, modern one.

One of the main features of Martha Raye's home in the San Fernando valley is a sound-proof room where she can practice her singing and dancing without disturbing the rest of the household. No matter how lusty her "Yea, Mam," the neighbors can't hear her and the window glass is safe.

Gladys Swarthout also has a sound-proof room in her Beverly Hills home where she rehearses her songs. And speaking of Gladys, here is something novel. When she was building her lovely new home she had a day's newspaper, a roll of movie film and four of her phonograph records placed in a strong box and lodged under the floor of a wing of her home. So when some archaeologist 1000 years hence unearths the box he will find movie films of Gladys and phonograph records of her voice singing some of her favorite operatic arias.

The men in your family would like the newest gadget installed by Pat O'Brien. It is a turntable in front of his garage which automatically turns his car around and backs it into the garage. Pat says the invention is ideal for narrow driveways.

Pat likes fur rugs, although he is no big game hunter himself. But stretched out on the waxed floors of his cozy den you'll find two leopard skins, a lion skin and a black bear skin—all shot by somebody else. Like many another star, Pat has a sneaking love of gadgets that turn out to be gags. He has a special chair at the edge of his swimming pool on the spacious grounds of his Westwood home. Underneath is a hole in the cement through which, at the proper moment, a plunger rises, tilting the chair's occupant into the pool. This comprises initiation into the O'Brien Tank Corps. (A hold-over from his submarine picture days, I'll bet!)

Houses take on the personality of those who live in them and Neil Hamilton got an insight into the great Garbo's mysterious personality when he moved into his home which he had rented to Garbo. The first few days Neil spent in un-tacking the shades and removing the blinds which the "lady of mystery" had kept tightly closed. Then Neil discovered some writing on the dressing room wall. It was a series of dates with figures opposite each date, implying weights. Evidently la Garbo kept careful track of her poundage with her own private scales.

Wallace Beery has turned his garage into the official headquarters for all of his hobbies and spends a great deal of his leisure time there. The upstairs room is



"The Sisters" seemed to give Bette Davis a new lease on the country's screens. Next you will see her in "Dark Victory."



Shirley Temple in color! Think of seeing her blushes and all in "The Little Princess."

a combination gun room, candid camera laboratory, machine shop, office, sporting library, clipping files, and fan gift collection. Strict orders are left with servants in the house that nothing is to be disturbed.

The downstairs of the garage is devoted to a wood-working shop and generators to supply current for batteries. His hunting trailer is stored at the back when not being used on a trip so that Wally can install racks and equipment himself. Oh, yes, there's room for the Beery cars, too—believe it or not.

Robert Taylor's new ranchhouse in San Fernando valley is the most modest abode of any of the film stars. It has only four small rooms, but there is still space enough for a gadget or two! Cool winters or hot summers will hold no discomfort for Bob, for he has had a complete air-conditioning plant and oil-heating system installed in the ranch house. A special electrical control keeps the temperature in the house constantly aired regardless of weather. Other gadgets include electrical fly-catchers for the stables and a water pump to supply his alfalfa fields.

Fred McMurray has a complete workshop in his new house where he putters around to his heart's content. And Allen Jenkins has installed a flashing red danger signal at the top of a flight of stairs in his home following falls by members of his family. If the family trips now it's not Allen's fault!

Janet Beecher proved herself a mechanic by building a sundial for her garden. She made it with two thin pieces of sheet metal, a nail for the gnomon and an old book-table stand for the upright. She did the testing for the markings of the hours by timing Old Sol through a sunny day. Janet says it was much more fun making it than buying a ready made sun dial.

It took the staid, conventional Gary Cooper to introduce a new fad that is nothing short of amazing. Gary, who has extensive grounds around his house, has had telephones concealed in convenient trees and bushes, thus saving many steps in answering important calls.

Maybe you'll be interested to learn that hanging on the wall of the library of John Barrymore's home is a letter to his grandmother, Louisa Drew. It has two distinctions. The first—it is signed by "A. Lincoln." The second distinction—the word 'acknowledge' is misspelled Which proves that even presidents aren't letter perfect.

When movie stars go to Hugh Herbert's hacienda they frequently have the privilege of quaffing a drink from a glass bearing their own likeness. Hugh has different pictures on glasses so they won't become confused when refilled. If he can't give an actress her own "picture-glass" he lets her pick her own star. (THAT should be fun to watch!)

There is a fish pond sunken in the floor of Hugh's charming and sunny living room, with a fountain in the center of the pond. Hugh turned it on for me and demonstrated the cooling effect of the fountain on a warm afternoon.

The beauteous Constance Bennett has a private beauty shop in her imposing Holmby Hills mansion; which is probably most women's dream of heaven. Her friends are invited to drop in for free finger waves, facials and manicures when they visit with Connie.

Mae West has a huge white bed in her white and gold bedroom and the ceiling of the room is entirely covered with mirrors.

Virginia Bruce has created a new color scheme for her lovely Brentwood home, because Virginia thinks the popular all-white is too monotonous. Her home is a light beige, with a brown roof and sapphire blue shutters, this color scheme being carried out inside and out. The garage matches the house, too. She had special balconies built which are encircled with sapphire blue pots containing geraniums, Virginia's favorite porch flower.

Owing to the distance of Warren William's ranch from the Van Nuys fire department, the star has installed an alarm and hose system of his own. Five fire plugs are placed at strategic points on the estate, with a central hose house and chemical stations. Fifty thousand gallons can be pumped from the swimming pool by a compressor attached to the ranch tractor, and neighbors on three sides are also protected by the system.

Warren's gardener, butler, chauffeur, cook and maid go through a fire drill regularly once a week.

The music room in the charming Brentwood home of Joan Crawford is one of the most distinctive in all filmtown. The walls are of leather and the ceiling is of cork. The lounge is leather and green corduroy with cushions of green corduroy. And at one side stands the piano—a *green* piano. The entire color scheme in the room is green and tan—and very smart it is, too.

The drawing-room is in Crawford blue (almost a Royal blue) and white.

Joan is one housewife who could never be called a snooper. When at home, she wears mules with bells on them, and her servants can easily hear her approach some distance away.

And then there is the well-known star whose name I shall not mention, but who has a reputation for being modest and self-effacing. When I entered his living-room for the first time, I thought I was seeing double, for no matter on which part of the wall my eyes rested, there was always before me a large and beautifully framed photograph of our shy little violet himself!

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She's Dancing Again!

[*Continued from page* 11]

down-to-earth people as the camera boys like her. They usually don't.

Joan has just finished emoting in "The Shining Hour" which you can catch any day now. She saw the play in New York several years ago and liked it so much she asked Metro to buy it for her and adapt it into a picture. Metro was quite surprised by the request, as the play has two lesser roles in it which are so written that if they are half way decently played they will definitely steal the picture right from under the star's nose. "Er-Joan," said Metro, "We-er-we-er must find someone for the roles of the sister and young wife. Have you-er-any suggestions?" "Sure," said Joan, "I think Margaret Sullavan would be simply grand for the young wife, and Fay Bainter would be perfection itself for the sister-in-law."

"But Joan," gulped Metro, "Sullavan and Bainter are top-notch stars. Sullavan's a great dramatic actress and Bainter has been sweeping all before her ever since 'White Banners.' Don't you think—perhaps—two actresses less important?" "It's all right with me if Margaret and Miss Bainter swipe the picture," said Joan. "They undoubtedly will. But I don't want to sacrifice a good story to poor casting. It's all right with me if you put a star in every part. I'd rather be a supporting player in a good picture than the star of a bad picture." And that was that.

Whatever you say about Joan, and people always seem to find plenty to say, she is one of the few stars who never hogs her pictures. (Claudette Colbert is another. In "Zaza" Claudette was quite delighted when they wrote added scenes for little Mary Todd, pink-cheeked baby girl, though she knew full well that little Mary with her lisp would steal every scene she was in.)

Margaret Sullavan and Joan had barely met when "The Shining Hour" went into production, and there were those who would take odds that Temperamental Maggie and Glamorous Joan would fight it out if it took all winter. Joan and Maggie hated to disappoint their dear, dear friends but they got along beautifully from the very start. The second day of shooting, a Saturday afternoon, there was a knock on Joan's dressing room door and Maggie said, "Joan, may I come in?" "Why of course, Maggie," said Joan, "You can come into my dressing room any time. You know that." Whereupon she opened the door and in stumbled little Brooke Hayward (Margaret's eighteen months' old daughter) who seemed to recognize in Joan a kindred soul because, although ordinarily a very shy child, she walked right up to Joan and held out her arms.

When Margaret returned from the set she found Joan and Brooke with a couple of lipsticks scribbling on the wall papering. "The stationery gave out, and we didn't want to stop," Joan confessed guiltily. "I won't get mad," laughed Margaret, "until she starts marking up my walls. Then I'll sue you." Joan and Maggie and Brooke became the best of pals after that. As a matter of fact, at the end of the picture when Joan produced her autograph book (Joan, like any other avid fan, collects autographs of people whom she admires) Margaret wrote in it, "Joan: To be truthful I dreaded this picture. But it's been the nicest yet. Thanks to you. Maggie."

No, it wasn't Joan and it wasn't Maggie, nor was it Fay Bainter, who came forth with a temperamental outburst in "The Shining Hour." It was, of all people, Frank Borzage, the director, and one of the kindest most gentle men in Hollywood. All one morning Mr. Borzage had rehearsed one of the most difficult scenes in the picture —a scene between Margaret and Joan, who are both in love with the same man, Robert Young—but somehow it just didn't seem to come out right. At last he changed a few lines and it seemed much better. "We'll take it right after lunch," he said.

Right after lunch (it was a Saturday afternoon) Brooke arrived with her agent father and they took a seat on the stage to wait for Mamma to finish acting. There also arrived with Bennett, the Crawford chauffeur, Pupschen, a very well-mannered dachshund. Pupschen covered his mistress with doggy kisses and then settled down for his afternoon nap.

Mr. Borzage summoned his artists and started the "take." Just then, Pupschen discovered a cat, or maybe he only dreamed it, but he went "Br-r-r-ow" right in the midst of Joan's big dramatic moment. Pupschen was removed from the set. "Now," said Mr. Borzage, "we've been on this for hours and I'm sure we're awfully tired of it. Let's make this the perfect take. Camera."

Once more Joan and Margaret filled their eyes with tears and started their dramatics. "Da Da, Bye Bye," interrupted Miss Brooke Hayward. "I love him with all my heart and always shall—please don't let that be my child," said Margaret, as the scene came to an abrupt end. Brooke was removed from the set. "Please, dear God," said Mr. Borzage, "in my next picture give me actresses without dogs and babies."

All you have to do is make a picture in Hollywood and sooner or later the entire world shows up on your set. Unless of course you are one of those snooty stars who always sticks up an "Absolutely No Visitors" sign on her stage door. Joan is not a snooty star. She loves tourists on her sets. She'll give autographs with a smile, and if you ask her she will have her picture taken with you—which is indeed a souvenir of Hollywood that will make the boys back home turn green with envy.

One day on "The Shining Hour" set she noticed what looked like a goodly portion of the U. S. Army hovering in the background. After the rehearsal Joan went over to meet them (you just ought to see how they have to beg some of the stars to say a civil word to visitors) and was informed they were General Sam. T. Lawton, his wife, and staff, on their first visit to Hollywood. Mrs. Lawton looked vaguely familiar. "Haven't we met somewhere before," Joan asked. "We certainly have," said Mrs. Lawton with a smile. "You took my place in Ernie Young's revue when the show moved from Chicago to Detroit about sixteen years ago. I left the show to get married. Remember? I was Margarite Dahlquist then. Ruth Etting and Ted Healy were stars of the show. I gave up show business in favor of army life."

"Well," said Joan, "then I'm really indebted to General Lawton for my first dancing job. Thank you, General."

Joan's last dancing job (she's come a long way since the General helped her out sixteen years ago) is with Tony DeMarco of the famous DeMarcos in the opening sequence of "The Shining Hour."

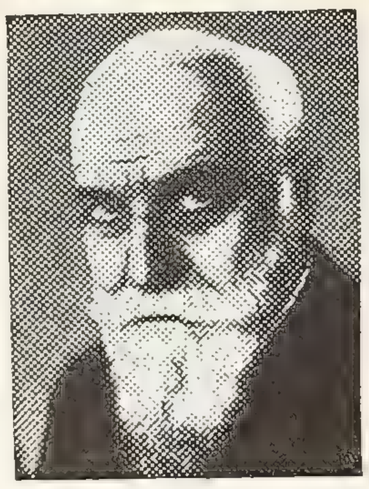
Joan has a superfluity of nervous energy and can get more done in a month than most people in a lifetime. She is an early riser—the only movie star, with the exception of Carole Lombard, who calls you over the 'phone before eight-thirty in the morning. She plans all the meals, does the ordering, and when you are invited to have dinner at Joan's you know that she will have something you like very much. She keeps a mental list of her guests' likes and dislikes. She goes over her accounts regularly and pays all her bills promptly on the first of the month—which makes her so popular with the shopkeepers of Hollywood that they are planning to canonize her. She has no secretary, and personally answers all her mail. Besides her numerous household duties, she takes French lessons and voice lessons regularly. Right now she is working hard on her ice skating lessons as her next picture will be "Ice Follies," in which she both skates for the first time, and sings opera for the first time. What a field day that will be for the Crawford fans.

You'd think that a person who has her days so well scheduled would be awfully dull. But not Joan. Her conversation is always amusing, sometimes brilliant, and she loves a good "dish" over the luncheon table, or before the fire after dinner, as well as the rest of us. She likes to tell jokes that are slightly naughty but not dirty. She smokes cigarettes and spills the ashes on the floor. She doesn't drink. I don't know whether it's because she doesn't like the taste of anything stronger than tea, or whether it's because several years ago she walked into the Trocadero Cellar and saw ten women sitting at the bar, with their backs to her. The contours where each lady met the stool frightened Joan. Since then no one has ever been able to lure her to a bar stool, even to sip a tomato juice.

At the baby shower given for her very good friend, Julie Murphy, the other day, the hostess, Venita Oakie, announced that the donor of the seventh present Mrs. Murphy opened would be the next mother in the group. The seventh present was Joan's. "Maybe it will be our best scandal of the year," cracked Joan.

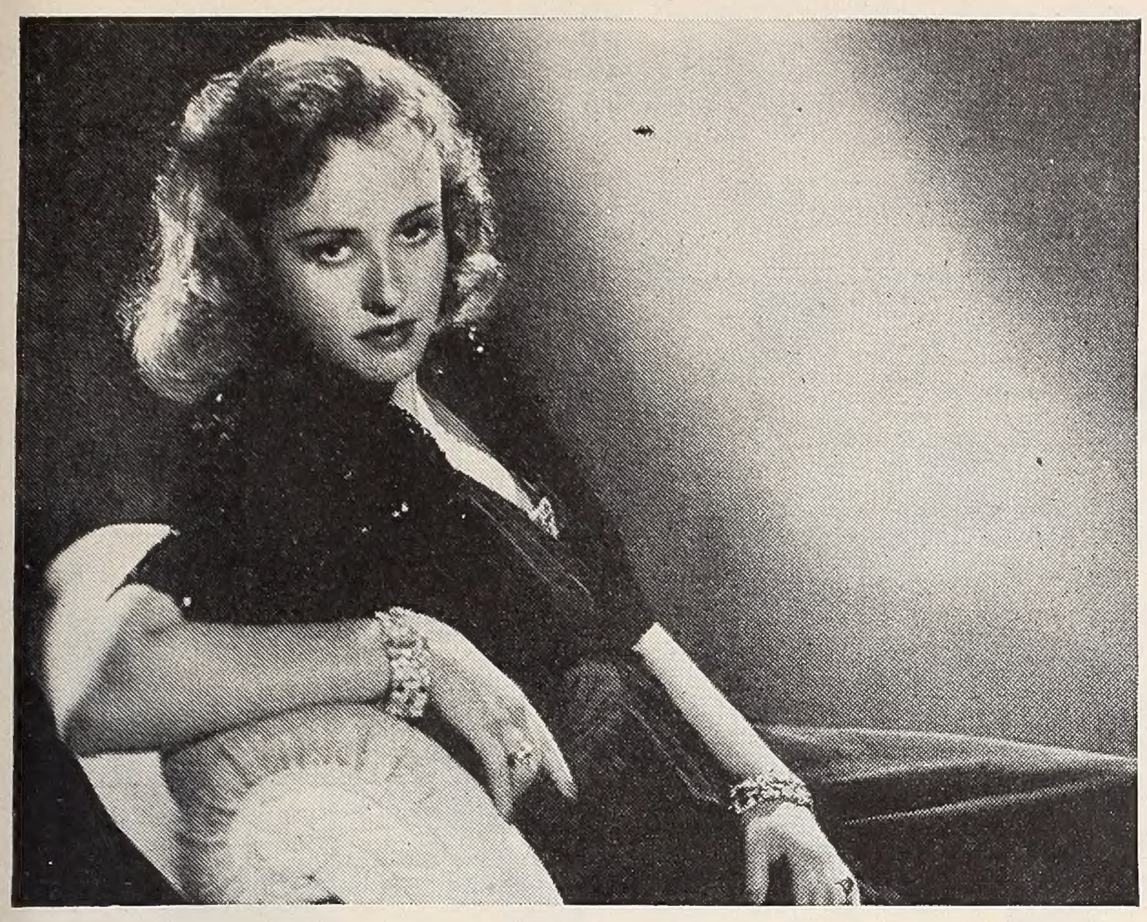
They say that Annabella, who is divorcing her husband in France, would like Tyrone Power to be her next. Who wouldn't?

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She was on the Titanic in "Cavalcade," but Margaret Lindsay hasn't sunk yet.

Living Up to His Name

[*Continued from page* 47]

"I don't think I ever had one," he confided.

He was afraid of New York . . . actually. He arrived at Pennsylvania Station around seven in the morning and it was three in the afternoon before he could screw up his courage sufficiently to venture forth on a tour of investigation. Those hours were spent between the rest room, the soda fountain, and the information desk.

"I was afraid I'd never be able to find my way back to get my bags if I went away and I was either too afraid or too dumb to want to ask directions. But I soon got over that." John grinned with a half-wise, half-humorous twinkle in his eyes . . . something like the look he directed toward Pat O'Brien when, as the orchestra leader in "Garden of the Moon" he planned to outsmart Pat.

Whenever John went out during his recent New York sojourn he was accosted by autograph hunters, for fame is as swift as oblivion.

"It was Anne they really recognized," he explained modestly. "I just happened to be along. Mostly they were youngsters and we loved each one of them."

But I knew Anne had not been the sole attraction of the autograph hounds. I had heard about the rather bold lad who had phoned him at the hotel and posing as a member of Warner's Publicity Department, got in with one of those almost life size photographs you find decorating the front of a theater, which he had John autograph.

"The kids have been swell," John continued. "Anne and I started to the theatre the other afternoon and were stopped by a mob. We signed until our hands ached and we were in danger of being late for the curtain. I hate crawling over people's knees in the dark. They always think you planned it. So I took the kids into our confidence. 'Listen fellows,' I said. 'We want to go to the theatre. Do you mind if we finish this another time?' That gang of youngsters faded like magic."

John has his own ideas about acting. And he has his favorites, even as you and I.

"Anne and I are great movie fans. I don't mean just about our own pictures. We go to movies all the time, whenever there is the least opportunity. I like the style of such actors as Bette Davis, James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. All of these kids who came out of that particular school of acting seem to have a different style than the old-timers, or even of those who are following. None of them can be called unusual in appearance. Stewart and Fonda are rangy and shy in manner, something like Gary Cooper, but they get under your skin and stay there. When I acquire the qualities which they have I'll feel I'm beginning to get along."

I did not think it necessary to tell him that he already had the qualities about which he talked. He can hardly be called a matinee idol, a screen pretty-boy, for all his regularity of features and his well proportioned six feet two inches. He is entirely too virile. Without being imitative he has the same he-man attributes which have kept Gable at the top against the onslaught of younger and very fine actors.

In his love scenes with Margaret Lindsay he does not act like a simpering actor. He speaks as he might have spoken to Anne Shirley when he told her of his love and asked her to be his wife. You believe in him; you almost feel as though this were happening to you. Again, when he threatens to cut Pat O'Brien down to his right size, sheer drama, without the aid of theatricals, is born before your eyes.

But John Payne *should* know the proper approach here. He was a star athlete in high school and college. He held intercollegiate championships in javelin and hammer throwing events; he wrestled and he played left end in football. Later, in New York, he wrestled half a dozen or so professional bouts.

At present he is unofficially writing a novel, strictly for his own amusement. He says he will always write, he can't help it. In the days when he was getting the feel of things in New York he wrote yarns by the dozen for the pulp magazines. He was a regular contributor to "Amazing Stories," "Astounding Stories," "Weird Stories," and once, only once, he sold a short story to Collier's, this one under his own name.

"When I was knocking them out for the pulps I used to have a lot of names. Mostly I was doctor somebody or other. It seemed to me that the doctors always got the best of it in writing so I thought it wouldn't hurt for me to be one for a while."

At that moment a press agent descended upon us. Anne Shirley had already been cornered upstairs in their suite and was being photographed in hats and gowns and what not.

Later John is taking Anne for a short visit to the old homestead in Roanoke, after which he returns to Hollywood to make "Row, Row, Row." I believe this is a college story. He will shortly be seen with George Brent in "Wings of the Navy." And I'll be down front watching the lad from Virginia for I'm convinced "We've got something here."



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The Final Fling

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



Lew Ayres

WE HAVE felt that the movie theatre in your town was perhaps the leading educational institution of your community, and if you will think for a moment of this University of Pictured Wisdom or College of the Story Tellers, perhaps you will recall some valuable thought that came into your mind because of something that you saw in a film.

We know of a young man who, having seen a good picture, took it to heart and the next day talked to someone about an idea that he had had for some time. He had lacked the confidence needed and the picture in the theatre gave him just the enthusiasm to make him get out and put it over. In other words, he learned something from his visit to the great night school of the movies.

* * *

ANYONE who has lived long enough to see the spendthrifts grow poorer and the frugal grow rich, realizes that there is a lesson for each one of us in other men's lives. But it takes so long for other men to live out their destinies that the lessons are lost to most of us. How wonderful then are the moving picture characters who in one evening, before our eyes, make the adventurous trip that encompasses their lives. We see a living man go through a time of storm and stress and from him we learn a truth perhaps that only a lifetime of living could have given us, if we had not had the inestimable privilege of going to the movies.

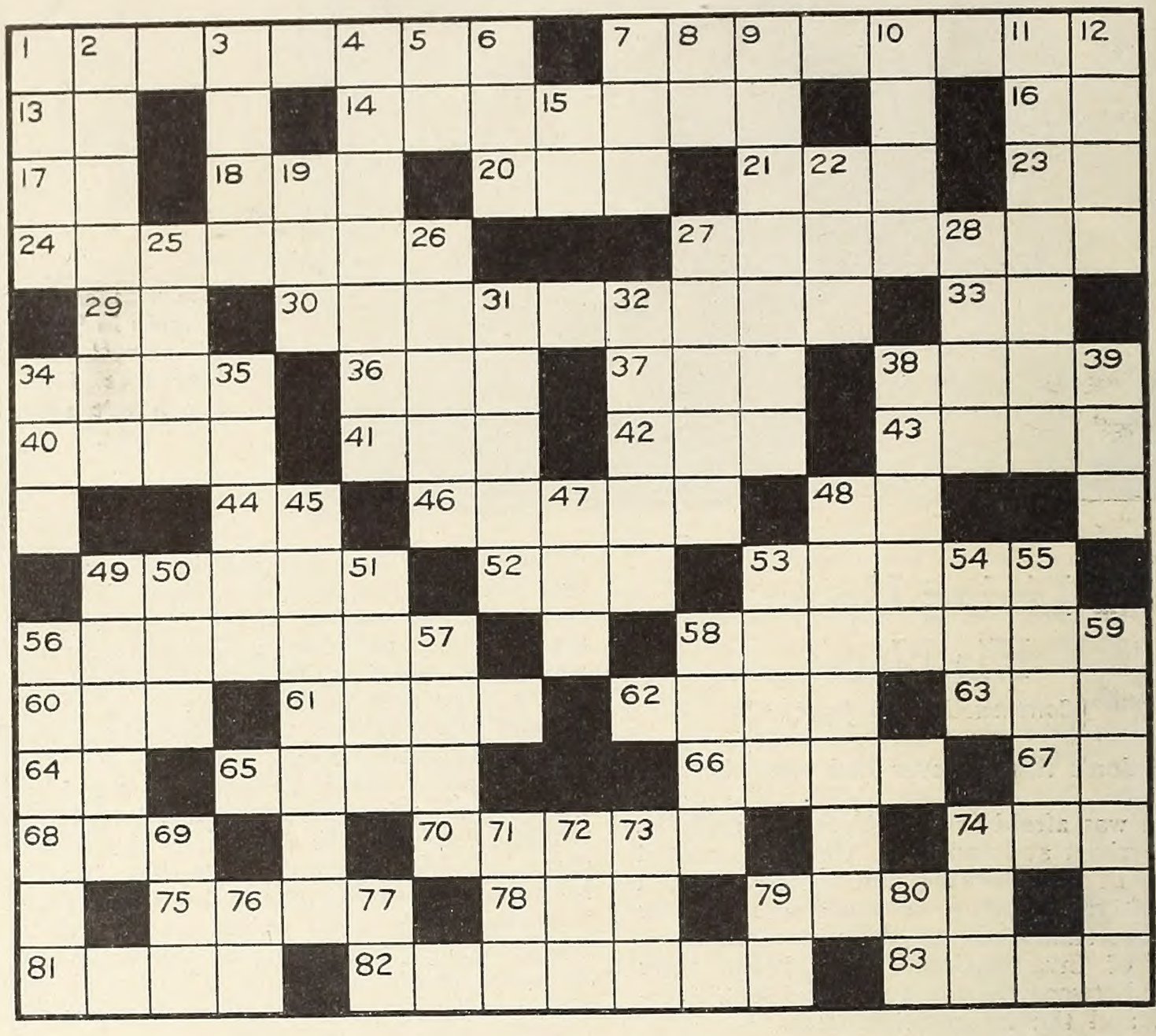
In "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres plays the part of a young man who wants to be somebody and to do something, but he doesn't know where he belongs. It is a fine picture, well played and well thought out. And so a person who goes to the movies can see many lives pass before him and he can learn many things, and yet when he comes out of the theatre he will still be a young man. He has met with pictured wisdom and his life lies ahead.

* * *

WE CANNOT leave "Young Dr. Kildare" without a word about Jo Ann Sayers. She is a new face in pictures. Somewhere she has been growing up without our being aware of it and in this, her first part, she gives us the satisfying and convincing performance of a talented girl. There is no mistaking the pure white light of a genuine diamond, and it flashed before our eyes when Jo Ann Sayers moved into the character and brought it to life. She is one of our "must sees" from now on.

Edward Reen

EDITOR



ACROSS

1 Eccentric Louis XI in "If I Were King"
7 Villain in "Valley of the Giants"
13 In a like manner
14 To hold dear
16 Two-toed sloth
17 Measure of length (abbr.)
18 Provides much of the comedy in "Too Hot To Handle"
20 Conducted
21 Everyone
23 Against (abbr.)
24 Inns
27 Newspaperman in "There Goes My Heart"
29 That is (abbr.)
30 In "Suez"
33 Type measure
34 Tavern wench in "If I Were King"
36 Implement used for propelling
37 Hawaiian food
38 College professor in "Hold That Co-Ed"
40 Weird
41 Border
42 Be indebted to
43 First name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
44 Title of respect (abbr.)
46 In "Youth Takes a Fling"
48 The father in "Four Daughters" (initials)
49 Educate
52 Female deer
53 One of the radio operators in "King of Alcatraz"
56 Katherine in "If I Were King"
58 Mrs. Carruthers in "Drums"
60 In "Secrets of an Actress"
61 In "Give Me A Sailor"
62 A young sheep
63 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
64 Six hundred (Rom.)
65 Hollywood's famous sisters
66 One who foresees
67 Royal Navy (abbr.)
68 Alkaline solution
70 The doctor in "The Citadel"
74 Insect
75 Boys
78 Dorbeetle
79 Gang leader in "I Am The Law"
81 Contest winner in "Give Me A Sailor"
82 Newspaperman in "Spawn of the North"
83 Encourage

DOWN

1 In "Spawn of the North"
2 The psychiatrist in "Carefree"
3 "Ox" Smith in "Valley of the Giants"
4 Youngest brother in "Sing, You Sinners"
5 New England state (abbr.)
6 Elongated fish
7 Proffer
8 Exist
9 Edgar Bergen's dearest possession
10 Lap over
11 Deep hollows
12 Flat circular plate
15 Regarding (abbr.)
19 Period of time
22 Meadow
25 Turn aside
26 Gastropod mollusk
27 Streams
28 Stagger
31 Equipped with weapons
32 Lyric poem
34 Lair
35 Talkative school girl in "The Crowd Roars"
38 With Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
39 Star of "Secrets of an Actress"
45 Whom Sonja Henie loves in "My Lucky Star"
47 Long space of time
48 Star of "Zaza"
49 Father Flanagan in "Boys Town"
50 Hurried
51 Gaseous element
53 Nominate
54 Open spaces (abbr.)
55 Saltpeter
56 Radio announcer in "Garden of the Moon"
57 Hastened
58 Large
59 Pompous valet in "Letter of Introduction"
69 A former island in East England
71 Poem
72 Neither
73 Limb
74 One of "Nancy's Three Loves"
76 Diphthong
77 Provided that
79 Upon
80 Symbol for tantalum

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	R	F	I	E	L	D		F	R	A	N	C	H	O	T
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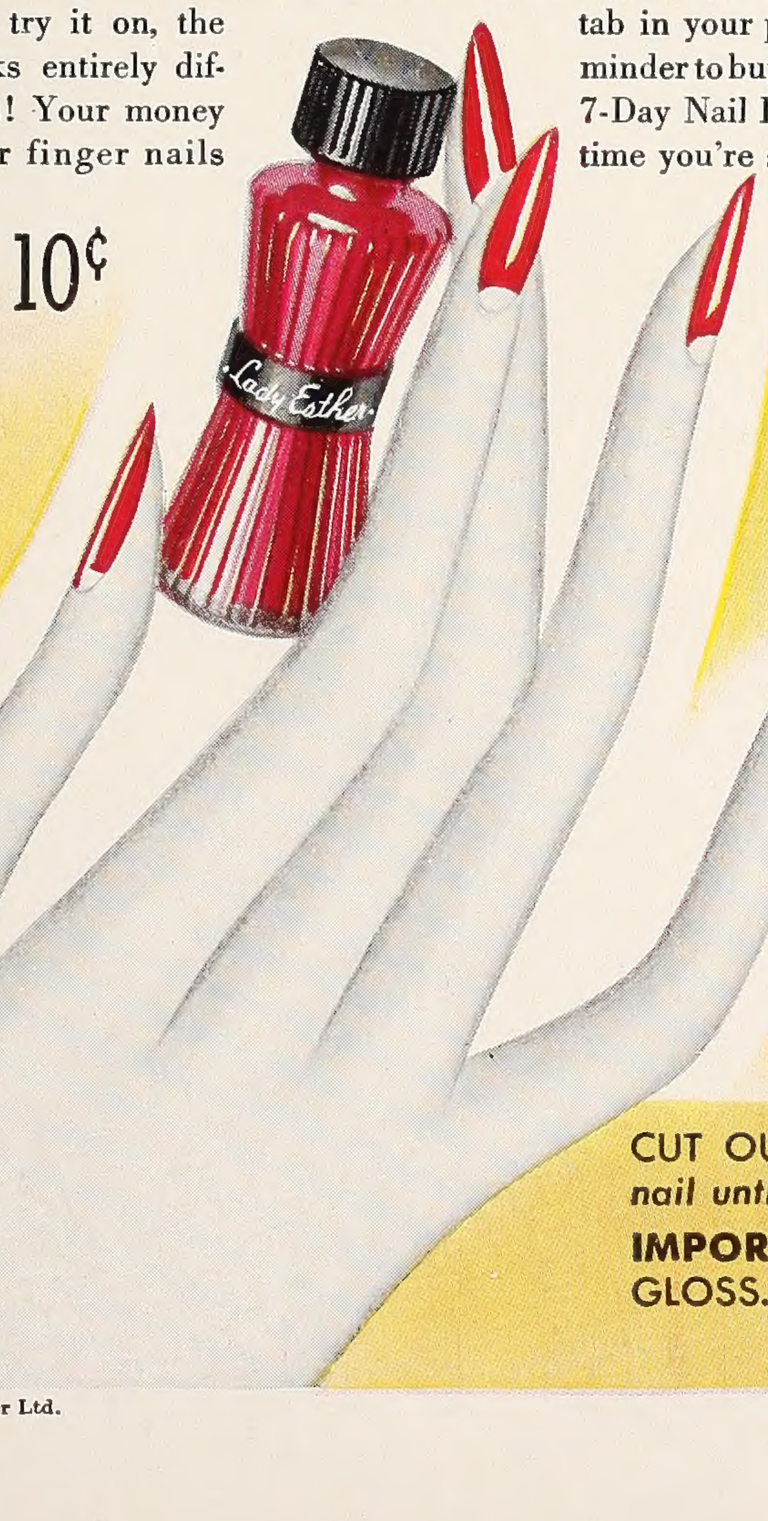
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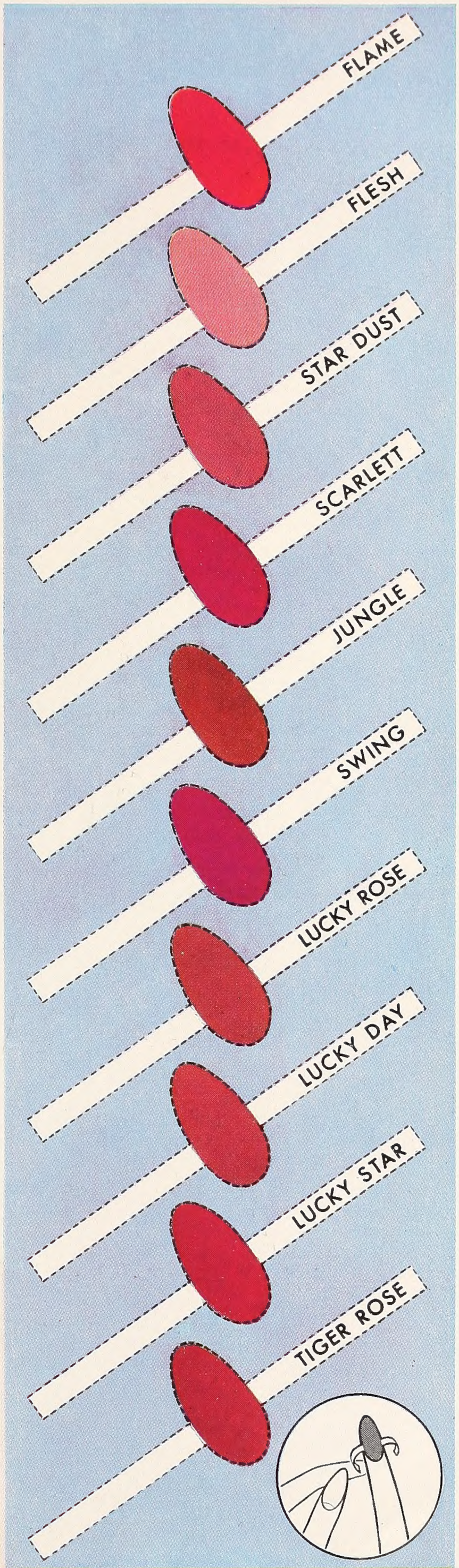
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